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THE DIAL

A fortnightly Journal of Criticism and Discussion of Literature and The Arts

The Passing of National Frontiers

It is to be accepted as a major premise, underlying any argument or speculation that bears on current events or on the calculable future, that the peoples of Christendom are now coming to face a revolutionary situation. "It is a condition, not a theory, that confronts us." This will hold true with equal cogency for international relations and for the domestic affairs of any one of the civilized countries. It means not necessarily that a radical change of base in the existing law and order is expedient or desired, but only that circumstances have been falling into such shape that a radical change of base can be avoided, if at all, only at the cost of a hardhanded and sustained reactionary policy. Indeed, it may be an open question whether any concerted scheme of reactionary measures will suffice to maintain or to reestablish the passing status quo. It takes the form of a question as to whether the Old Order can be rehabilitated, not whether it will stand over by its own inertia. And it is, perhaps, still more of an open question what would be the nature and dimensions of those departures from the holding ground of the Old Order which the new conditions of life insist on.

But the situation is of a revolutionary character, in the sense that those underlying principles of human intercourse on which the Old Order rests are no longer consonant with the circumstances which now condition this intercourse. The spiritual ground on which rights and duties have been resting has shifted, beyond recall. What has been accepted hitherto as fundamentally right and good is no longer securely right and good in human intercourse as it must necessarily run under the altered circumstances of today and tomorrow. The question, in substance, is not as to whether the scheme is to be revised, but only as to the scope and method of its revision, which may take the direction of

a rehabilitation of the passing order, or a drift to new ground and a New Order.

The principles of right and honest living are of the nature of habit, and like other habits of thought these principles change in response to the circumstances which condition habituation. But they change tardily; they are tenacious and refractory; and anything like a deliberate shifting to new ground in such a matter will come to pass only after the old position has become patently untenable, and after the discipline exercised by the new conditions of life has had time to bend the spiritual attitude of the community into a new bias that will be consonant with the new conditions. At such a juncture a critical situation will arise. So today a critical situation has arisen, precipitated and emphasized by the experience of the war, which has served to demonstrate that the received scheme of use and wont, of law and order and equity, is not competent to meet the exigencies of the present.

In the last resort, these changes of circumstance that have so been going forward and have put the received scheme of law and order out of joint are changes of a technological kind, changes that affect the state of the industrial arts and take effect through the processes of industry. One thing and another in the institutional heritage has so been outworn, or out-lived; and among these is the received conception of the place and value of nationalities.

The modern industrial system is world-wide, and the modern technological knowledge is no respecter of national frontiers. The best efforts of legislators, police, and business men, bent on confining the knowledge and use of the modern industrial arts within national frontiers, has been able to accomplish nothing more to the point than a partial and transient restriction on minor details. Such success as these endeavors in restraint of technological knowledge have

met with has effected nothing better than a slight retardation of the advance and diffusion of such knowledge among the civilized nations. Quite patently, these measures in restraint of industrial knowledge and practice have been detrimental to all the peoples concerned, in that they have lowered the aggregate industrial efficiency of the peoples concerned, without increasing the efficiency, wealth, or wellbeing of any one of them. Also quite patently, these endeavors in restraint of industry have not successfully prevented the modern industrial system from reaching across the national frontiers in all directions, for materials and for information and experience. Indeed, so far as regards the industrial work of the modern peoples, as distinct from the commercial traffic of their business men, it is plain that the national frontiers are serving no better purpose than a moderately effectual obstruction. In this respect, the national frontiers, and all that system of discrimination and jealousy to which the frontiers give definition and emphasis, are worse than useless; although circumstances which the commercialized statesmen are unable to control have made the frontiers a less effectual bar to intercourse than would suit the designs of national statecraft.

The case stands somewhat different as regards that commercial traffic that makes use of the modern industrial system. Business enterprise is a pursuit of private gain. Not infrequently one business concern will gain at the cost of another. Enterprising business concerns habitually seek their own advantage at the cost of their rivals in the pursuit of gain; and a disadvantage imposed on a rival concern or on a competing line of business enterprise constitutes a competitive advantage. Hindrance of a competitor is an advantage gained. Business enterprise is competitive, even where given business men may work in collusion for the time being with a view to gains that are presently to be divided. And success in business is always finally a matter of private gain, frequently at the cost of some one else. Business enterprise is competitive.

But the like is not the case with industrial efficiency. And the material interest

of the community centres on industrial efficiency, on the uninterrupted production of goods at the lowest practicable cost in terms of material and man power. The productive efficiency of any one industrial plant or industrial process is in no degree enhanced by the inefficiency of any other plant or process comprised in the industrial system; nor does any productive advantage come to the one from a disadvantage imposed on another. The industrial process at large is of a cooperative nature, in no degree competitive—and it is on the productive efficiency of the industrial process at large that the community's material interest centres. But while business enterprise gets its gains from industry, the gains which it gets are got in competition with rivals; and so it becomes the aim of competitive business concerns to hinder the productive efficiency of those industrial units that are controlled by their rivals. Hence what has been called "capitalistic sabotage." All this, of course, is the merest commonplace of economic science.

At this point the national frontiers come into the scheme of economic life, with the jealousies and discrimination which the frontiers mark and embody. The frontiers, and that obstruction to traffic and intercourse in which the frontiers take effect, may serve a gainful purpose for the business concerns within the frontiers by imposing disadvantages on those outside, the result being a lowered efficiency of industry on both sides of the frontier. In short, so far as concerns their place and value in modern economic life, the national frontiers are a means of capitalistic sabotage; and indeed that is all they are good for in this connection. All this, again, is also a commonplace of economic science.

In past time, before modern industry had taken on its modern character and taken to the use of a wide range of diversified materials and products drawn from all over the habitable world—in the past the obstruction to industry, and therefore to material well-being, involved in the use of the frontiers as a means of sabotage was of relatively slight consequence. In the state of the industrial arts as it prevailed in that past era, the industrial processes

ran on a smaller scale and made relatively little use of materials drawn from abroad. The mischief worked by sabotage at the frontiers was consequently also relatively slight; and it is commonly believed that other, incidental gains of a national character would accrue from so obstructing traffic at the frontiers, in the way of national self-sufficiency and warlike preparation. These presumed gains in point of "preparedness," it has been presumed, would outweigh the relatively slight economic mischief involved in the practice of national sabotage by the obstructive use of the frontiers, under the old system of small-scale and home-bred industry.

Latterly this state of things, which once served in its degree to minimize the economic mischief of the national frontiers, has become obsolete. As things stand now, no civilized country's industrial system will work in isolation. Not only will it not work at a high efficiency if it is effectually confined within the national frontiers, but it will not work at all. The modern state of the industrial arts will not tolerate that degree of isolation on the part of any country, even in case of so large and diversified a country as the United States. The great war has demonstrated all that. Of course, it may be conceived to be conceivable that a modern civilized community should take thought and deliberately forgo the use of this modern state of the industrial arts which demands a draft on all the outlying regions of the earth for resources necessary to its carrying-on; and so should return to the archaic scheme of economic life that prevailed in the days before the Industrial Revolution; and so would be able to carry on its industrial life in a passable state of isolation, such as still floats before the vision of the commercialized statesmen. But all that line of fantastic speculation can have only a speculative interest. In point of practical fact, the nations of Christendom are here together, and they live and move and have their being within this modern state of the industrial arts, which binds them all in an endless web of give and take across all national frontiers and in spite of all the well-devised obstructive measures of the commercialized statesmen.

As an industrial unit, the Nation is out of date. This will have to be the point of departure for the incoming New Order. And the New Order will take effect only so far and so soon as men are content to make up their account with this change of base that is enforced by the new complexion of the material circumstances which condition human intercourse. Life and material well-being are bound up with the effectual working of the industrial system; and the industrial system is of an international character-or it should perhaps rather be said that it is of a cosmopolitan character, under an order of things in which the nation has no place or value.

But it is otherwise with the business men and their vested interests. Such business concerns as come into competition with other business concerns domiciled beyond the national frontiers have an interest in the national frontiers as a means of obstructing competition from beyond. For the purpose of private gains, to accrue to certain business concerns within the country, the national frontiers, and the spirit of national jealousy, are valuable as a contrivance for the restraint of trade; or, as the modern phrasing would make it, these things are made use of as a means of sabotage, to limit competition and prevent an unprofitably large output of merchantable goods being put on the market-unprofitable, that is, to the vested interests already referred to, though advantageous to the community at large.

Conversely, vested interests engaged in the pursuit of private gain in foreign parts, in the way of foreign investments, foreign concessions, export trade, and the like, also find the national establishment serviceable in enforcing claims and in procuring a profitably benevolent consideration of their craving for gain on the part of those foreign nations into whose jurisdiction their quest of profits is driving them. At this point, again, the community at large, the common men of the nation, have no material interest in furthering the advantage of the vested interests by use of the national power; quite the contrary in fact, inasmuch as the whole matter resolves

itself into a use of the nation's powers and prestige for the pecuniary benefit of certain vested interests which happen to be domiciled within the national frontiers. All this, again, is a commonplace of economic science.

The conclusion is equally simple and obvious. As regards the modern industrial system, the production and distribution of goods for common use, the national establishment and its frontiers and jurisdiction serve substantially no other purpose than obstruction, retardation, and a lessened efficiency. As regards the commercial and financial considerations to be taken care of

by the national establishment, they are a matter of special benefits designed to accrue to the vested interests at the cost of the common man. So that the question of retaining or discarding the national establishment and its frontiers, in all that touches the community's economic relations with foreign parts, becomes in effect a detail of that prospective contest between the vested interests and the common man out of which the New Order is to emerge, in case the outcome of the struggle turns in favor of the common man.

THORSTEIN VEBLEN.

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About five years ago a certain young dramatic critic was dreadfully shocked by being asked if, after all, "Sumurun" wasn't the sort of thing that the theatre really ought to do instead of tackling social At that time the critic was problems. superintending the reformation of the world and his wife through the agency of a few choice spirits and artist-philosophers like Augustus Thomas, William C. de Mille, George Broadhurst, and Charles Klein, with occasional assistance from the (printed) plays of Henrik Ibsen and George Bernard Shaw. And it only increased the critic's distress to realize that he was getting more spiritual sustenance out of the Reinhardt picture-play of passion and knockabout cruelty than he could draw from that defense of woman's integrity, "Bought and Paid For," that exposé of corrupt politics, "The Woman," and that arraignment of Wall Street finance, "The Gamblers," all rolled into one. In the end, however, the young critic put the doubt from him. Of course, Klein was just a bit crude as a manufacturer of dramas of discussion. Wait till a few of our really distinguished fiction-writers tried their hands at it, and the younger generation came along.

Since then a great many critics have estimated and reestimated the number of gallons of water that have passed under their favorite metaphorical bridge, and since then we have had a rather disturbing series of events in middle Europe to make us think a little less or a little more about the theatre. Finally have come the distinguished writer of fiction to ask us "Why Marry?" and a specimen of the younger generation of England to tell us about "Youth"—all just in time to be compared with a revival of twenty-five-years-old "Mrs. Warren's Profession." And what a terrible bore it all is l—these plays of Messrs. Jesse Lynch Williams and Miles Malleson.

Of course this is all very inconsistent and unfair. It is critical suicide to applaud the polemic poppycock of "The Woman" and sneer at "Why Marry?"—to salute chastely the maidenly maunderings of "A Man's World" and yawn at "Youth." "Why Marry?" is clever. "Youth" is pitifully sincere. "Why Marry?" has style. There is impassioned writing in "Youth," and real humor. Yet both of them end by being deeply and thoroughly and boringly unsatisfying.

To put it as crudely as a thesis-play, a lot of us are tired of these modern dramas, just as we are tired of modern life. It is all a mess of grubbing and grabbing and blunder and compromise, with no passion and no blazing faith to light a path across. Sometimes it almost seems as if the world itself had become suddenly aware of the stink and boredom of this era and had conceived the perverse solution of committing terrestrial suicide. Perhaps we

are retreating into the theatre of beauty just to escape the confusion of today's terrible immolation. But I think we should gladly, however mistakenly, stick to our guns if there were anything worth shooting at. What is the use of pottering round with luke-warm heresies and halfbaked iconoclasms that can't keep pace with the shifting society that they flatter themselves they are reforming? No, the old world is dead and no one knows the difference—which is as sober and as sensible an explanation as any for the sudden futility of plays like "Why Marry?" and "Youth," and for the solemnity with which some of us accept them as works of art and the absurd vigor which others bestow on their regurgitation.

Yet even without the war I think we should be tired of these things. We are tired of talk. We are tired of talk that everyone accepts and nobody acts on. We are tired of talk that nobody accepts and everyone acts on. We are even tired of talk that nobody accepts and nobody acts on—except, perhaps, the angels and a few Roleheviki

When you go to one of Mary Shaw's periodic revivals of "Mrs. Warren's Profession," such as she is now giving in New York with the aid of the Washington Square Players, you remember that Shaw wrote it just a quarter of a century ago, and you are ready to display at least a little antiquarian curiosity over passages like Sir George Croft's defense of his partnership with Mrs. Warren:

Why the devil shouldn't I invest my money that way? I take the interest on my capital like other people: I hope you don't think I dirty my own hands with the work. Come: you wouldn't refuse the acquaintance of my mother's cousin, the Duke of Belgravia, because some of the rents he gets are earned in queer ways. You wouldn't cut the Archbishop of Canterbury, I suppose, because the Ecclesiastical Commissioners have a few publicans and sinners among their tenants? Do you remember your Crofts Scholarship at Newnham? Well, that was founded by my brother the M. P. He gets his twenty-two per cent out of a factory with 600 girls in it, and not one of them getting enough to live on. How d'ye suppose most of them manage? Ask your mother. And do you expect me to turn back on thirty-five per cent when all the rest are pocketing what they can, like sensible men?

It is no easier to be moved when Mr.

Jesse Lynch Williams assures the twentieth century through "Why Marry?" that certain people are wrong in thinking that sex is evil, or that work is rewarded in inverse ratio to its usefulness to society. It is even a bit difficult to credit Mr. Williams with cleverness when he urges a defender of the wedding ring as "only a symbol," not to "insult the woman you love—even symbolically." And when, in the face of the conductorettes, he expects us to worry about a young lady who bemoans the fact that she is "following the only profession you've allowed me to learn—marriage," even the most stalwart pillar of playhouse progress must crack under the strain.

Likewise Mr. Miles Malleson, author of "Youth," which preceded "Mrs. Warren" at the Comedy. He is more in the good old artist-philosopher strain than Mr. Williams. He has hold of his problem. He isn't swinging it in circles round his head like a dead cat on a string. And he writes with enthusiasm, even beauty. Yet the interesting psychological fact remains that it is a bit hard to get excited over things like:

A wife is terribly often a married-lady-in-a drawing-room, worn out doing nothing—or a married-woman-in-a-kitchen, worn out doing too much; according to the income of her owner. . . Why do you suppose men wink so pleasantly at one another over their own little love affairs, and can't find words bad enough for the woman who loves outside her wedding ring? . . A wife is the last word in private property . . . and that is always a curse. . . When the sky is privately owned, some large firm will charge to view the

We might as well admit that as talk this is "old hat"—like everything else we hear in "plays with a purpose." If it were carried out in action—either in the theatre or in life—it would be a little better. Both plays might, indeed, have carried us back to some of the fascination of "A Doll's House," if the playwrights could have seen their themes through with half the resolute enthusiasm that they bestowed on digging up their talk. For if both plays are full of "old hat" sentiments, they are both written on a thoroughly "new hat" subject. They both wonder if marriage—in the legal sense—is good for young people. But "Why Marry?" never gets any nearer

a reason than the false supposition that it is impossible for a couple of young scientists to marry when one can earn \$2000 a year and the other \$900, and bewilderingly and amusingly chases its tail round that supposition; while "Youth" forgets some excellent doubts that it raises of a young man's ability to pick a permanent mate when flushed with youth's passional curiosity, and backs its two culprits off in a couple of corners to wait a few weeks while the young man makes up a mind which, according to the first two acts, he has been consistently and rightly unable to make up because of the very essence of the problem.

After all, can this talky-talky business be "good theatre" in any but three ways: if it is as thoroughgoing as "Getting Married"-absolutely artificial in its elimination of emotional violence; if it is so handled by an impossible master-dramatist-which Ibsen is every now and thenthat the perfection of the product alone fascinates; or if somebody chucks all the talk overboard and tells us our modern "problem story" in the plain terms of inarticulate human beings and their actions? A man named McIntyre once did

it in a week's-run failure called "Steve," and Mr. Cohan may do it one of these

I am naturally tempted to end with the announcement that only such an eventuality will save the theatre from "Sumurun" and Mr. Gordon Craig. But it happens that the theatre is rapidly getting old enough to be all things to all men. There was a day when a poem was an epic, and another when a book was only a bookwhen Homer cast lyrics under the striding feet of war, and Bunyan thought he was writing some sort of theological tome when he was making the first English novel. The theatre is still a little in that mood. But it is no great effort to imagine that when the Great Peace has shaken us up a dozen times as thoroughly as the Great War has yet done, our plays may be as full of the fine thrilling variety of life as our prose and poetry today. Then those of us who want Theda Bara and Charlie Chaplin wed in the guise of "Sumurun," and those of us who like to worry about Youth, will all be satisfied. But it is also safe to say that Youth will sing a rather different tune.

KENNETH MACGOWAN.

*A Gossip on James Branch Cabell

One of the prerogatives of genius, as distinguished from eminent ability or even positive greatness, is the entire impunity with which it refuses to live "in character." Everything that living in character has demanded of Mr. Cabell as a man, he has done in his books as an author—and there There could be no more clinching objection to some widely trusted fashions of deducing an author's works from his life and then turning about to deduce his life from his works. At the same time there could be no more clinching demonstration that an author's works are the quintessence of his reality, reducing his life and all else to flat irrelevance. The reality of Mr. Cabell is jongleur, trickster-"Toy-Maker," as he has it in the title of a The creator of Nicolas de Caen and of Horvendile, refusing to play his part out in life, has no license in æsthetics to live at all. He should write unhandicapped by existence, and make his name a legend, so that those who dispute whether his tales are true must also dispute whether their author ever lived. He should be an Ossian without any Macpherson to embarrass his æsthetic consistency, a jongleur without a genealogist tagging at his heels.

Time would fail me to set down in any detail the respects in which Mr. Cabell is the most resourceful jongleur of his trade. But at least I may signify how some of the most dexterous of his contrivances involve the name of Nicolas de Caen. Collecting in 1905 the seven tales of "The Line of

^{*}Novels and Tales: The Eagle's Shadow, 1904; The Line of Love, 1905; Gallantry, 1907; The Cords of Vanity, 1908; Chivalry, 1909; The Soul of Melicent, 1918; The Rivet in Grandfather's Neek, 1916; The Certain Hour, 1916; The Cream of the Jest, 1917.
VERSE: From the Hidden Way, 1916.
GENEALOUY: Branchiana, 1907; Branch of Abingdon, 1911; The Majors and Their Marriages, 1916.
For access to much interesting material by and about Mr. Cabell, including two books now out of print, I make grateful acknowledgment to Mr. Guy Holt of Robert M. McBride & Co., Mr. Cabell's publishers.

Love," Mr. Cabell invented Nicolas outright as the probable author of the first tale, "Adhelmar at Puysange." The original manuscript, "Les Aventures d'Adhel-mar de Nointel," exists "in an out-of-the-way corner of the library at Allonby Shaw"—the library, presumably, of the family of that Stephen Allonby, later Marquis of Falmouth, who may be met as hero of the seventh tale. Nicolas de Caen, to whom this manuscript is attributed, "though on no very conclusive evidence," is "better known as a lyric poet and satirist (circa 1450)." In the epilogue to "The Line of Love" it is noted that "Nicolas de Caen as yet lacks an English editor for his 'Roman de Lusignan' and his curious 'Dizain des Reines'-those not unhandsome pieces, latterly included and annotated in the 'Bibliotheca Abscondita.'" Finding Nicolas accepted at his face value, Mr. Cabell subsequently evolved the books to fit this hinted promise: the "Dizain des Reines" is Mr. Cabell's "Chivalry"; and the "Roman de Lusignan," for which "our sole authority . . . must continue to be the fragmentary MS. No. 503 in the Allonbian Collection," is "The Soul of Melicent." It is interesting to note that the poem "A son Livret," which ends Nicolas's epilogue to "Chivalry," is also the first piece in Mr. Cabell's volume of verses, "From the Hidden Way"; which detail is one among a thousand hints of the elvish magic whereby this author makes all his books conspire together to evoke in you a dreamlike and excited wonder how it happens that you have read them before. "From the Hidden Way" contains also many another "adaptation" from Nicolas, as well as from his compeers Raimbaut de Vaqueiras, Antoine Riczi, Théodore Passerat, and several more, all of whose existences are established in a preface which contains some of Mr. Cabell's most admirable fine fooling.

Few there have been to question the historicity of these singers so little "likely ever to cut a dash in popular romance." Mr. Cabell is rumored on impressive authority to prize a letter from Caen, where a committee organizing to honor their "distinguished ex-townsman" with a memorial of some sort could find nothing about him in the Bibliothèque Nationale.

And many a reviewer—including the one most redoubtable arbiter elegantiarum among poetic cults, an industrious anthologist who presides, a sort of professional omniscience, over the chaos of the newer modes—intimated his own casual familiarity with the "originals" of the verses in "From the Hidden Way," heedless quite of the prefatory admonition: "Vous entendez bien joncherie?" Mr. Cabell must have done, first and last, a deal of chuckling over such evidences of his ambidexterity.

But I think his greatest debt to Nicolas de Caen is that worthy's suggestion of the "dizain." For it seems to me that we must seek Mr. Cabell's richest deposits in the four volumes which work out that suggestion: in "Gallantry" his "Dizain des Fêtes Galantes," in "Chivalry" his "Dizain des Reines," in "The Certain Hour" his "Dizain des Poëtes," and in "The Line of Love," which would be his "Dizain des Mariages" if he had only thought then of "the decimal system of composition." These four, together with "The Soul of Melicent," are purest distillate of Cabell. In the title of the one dizain of tales casually ascribed to Nicolas lies the germ of Mr. Cabell's quintessential productthe sequence of stories unified, not by repeating the personæ, nor yet by enclosing the episodes in one frame of place or period, but by making them illustrational of a common motif, a common acceptance of life. "The Line of Love" is a genealogy of pairs of lovers tricked by fate into each others' arms without the romantic prerequisite of a passion shared; "Chivalry" is a sequence of studies of the code whose root is "the assumption that a gentleman will serve his God, his honor, and his lady without any reservation"; "Gallantry" presents in ten "come-dies" that Chesterfieldian attitude whose secret was "to accept the pleasures of life leisurely and its inconveniences with a shrug"; and "The Certain Hour" is a tenfold embodiment of the imaginative artist's temperament in its characteristic dilemma of art against human love. These tales have individually, I like to repeat from an earlier comment, the vibrancy and the quick vision of the best dramatic monologues of Browning; and for that we make acknowledgment to the author alone. But for the shapely continuity of the volumes that contain them I think Mr. Cabell owes something to that creature of his own devising, Messire Nicolas de Caen.

This extension of jonglerie from the materials into the whole shape and superstructure of Mr. Cabell's art is proof enough that the starting-point for appreciation is at his inestimable gift for hocuspocus. But this extension is not the end. He no sooner perpetrates the jest than he makes a philosophy of it. His little world in which the artist is a jester at the expense of the gullible is only one convolution of the greater cosmos in which life is an inscrutable jester at the expense of us all, including the artist himself. "Heine was right; there is an Aristophanes in heaven," Robert Etheridge Townsend is overheard to murmur on more than one ironic contretemps in "The Cords of Vanity"; and it is but a minor point in the consistency of a universe framed on the jesting principle that there should also be an Aristophanes in Virginia. Mr. Cabell moves, and is our guide, in a world of "supernal double-dealing." "All available analogues," reflected Felix Kennaston in "The Cream of the lest," "went to show that nothing in nature dealt with its inferiors candidly"; and "everywhere . . . men had labored blindly, at flat odds with rationality, and had achieved everything of note by accident."

It is this same Kennaston, lately redivivus in "The Cream of the Jest," more than a decade after his first appearance in "The Eagle's Shadow," who makes this philosophy explicit. We meet Kennaston in the midst of a medieval tale which he has himself written, playing in a dream the part of one of his own characters, yet remembering his twentieth-century identity and vainly trying to persuade the others that they are but puppets of his making and that he alone is real. To them he is only the half-insane clerk Horvendile, and in despair at their incredulity he is driven to reflect: "It may be that I, too, am only a figment of some greater dream, in just such case as yours, and that I, too, cannot understand. It may be the very cream of the jest that my country is no more real than Storisende. How could I judge if I, too, were a puppet?" All that happens to him happens "haphazardly . . . in some three pounds of fibrous matter tucked inside his skull"; what, then, is to certify his touch with any objective reality at all?

Kennaston, awake and sane in the twentieth century, publishes his tale, achieves some eminence, a fortune, social position, a wife whom he is fond of. But life continues to mock him. He finds half of a broken metal disc covered with strange hieroglyphics, a talisman with which "the Wardens of Earth unbar strange windows." Hypnotized by its glitter, he escapes more and more gladly out of his hum-drum existence of a prospering and respectable citizen into a world of queerly inconsecutive dream-episodes—incidentally, they bear a distorted resem-blance to certain of Mr. Cabell's earlier tales-in which he rejoins for fleeting moments the ageless woman Ettarre. These parentheses rapidly become the real context of his life, and all the rest mere interlude; and in the gaps he wonders "how this dull fellow seated here in this luxurious room" can actually be Felix Ken-Yet even in his dreams life mocked him; for if he touched Ettarre "the dream ended, and the universe seemed to fold about him, just as a hand closes." And, crowning mockery, it transpires that his "talisman" is but a meaningless fragment of the cover of a cold cream jar. "Many thousand husbands may find at will among their wives' possessions just such a talisman as Kennaston had discovered." Also, they may find in their wives, the story hints, just such glimpses of Ettarre the ageless woman as Kennaston saw in Kathleen on the occasion of his discovering the other half of the disc on her dressing-table. For the upshot of the whole matter is that Kennaston is every man, and Ettarre the ageless woman of every man's worship, wholly seen of no man save in dreams, yet obscurely prisoned

in the flesh of every woman born.

Succinctly, then, Cabell is the comedist of those two beings who wear the flesh of every body—of the idealist lover and the earth-bound respectable citizen who tenant the same clay. All his tales are in some sort "the song of the double-soul, distortedly two in one."

Thus two by two we wrangle and blunder about the earth,

And that body we share we may not spare; but the gods have need of mirth.

It is the secret idealist in each of us that mainly interests Mr. Cabell; for, he seems everywhere to be saying, it is only the one best part of us which is real at all. The gods have their jest by yoking us unequally with ourselves; but there is for every man one way to cheat the jest of half its point,

if only he can find the way.

And what, ultimately, is Mr. Cabell's sense of this way to high individual adventure? It is wholly characteristic of him that whatever guidance he offers is the guidance of an artist, never of a moralist. His one inclusive and continuous interest is in the artistic or poetizing temper—a narrow enough interest in seeming, when so phrased, but expanded by his tacit definition until it is not only the centre, but also the circumference, of everything. The duality of his world is essentially that of the artistic against the mediocre; for the essential part of every being, the one part that can turn the single life from a sorry jest into a brave spectacle, is the poetic. The artist in each man requires that he give up every cherished thing for the sake of one thing cherished most. Under this tyranny the lover, the fighter, the chivalrous gentleman, the quixotic fool, the artist in words, all sacrifice everything to their own kinds of self-completion; for self-completion is the law, and attainment of it the only success. Mr. Cabell's ideal of success is to reach the consummation of this something central in one's self, and incidentally to miss everything else that one might have had. His ideal of heroism is to sacrifice all for one's own kind of perfection and then fail to gain even that, for this is the one kind of failure that has moral dignity enough to be tragic.

He is at heart, then, a prophet of that austere æsthetic doctrine, the single-mindedness of the artist. He has made up his mind, it seems, to the tragic disparity which condemns the perfect writer to be a wretched bungler at the art of living, the perfect lover a fool in relation to all affairs save those of the heart, and the man of executive might always "more or less mentally deficient." To be perfectly oneself means to miss being everybody else.

Whence Mr. Cabell's two recurrent characters: the artist lover who is an inferior citizen, and the writing artist who is an inferior lover. His tales are populated with lovers who must say with Antoine Riczi:

"Love leads us, and through the sunlight of the world he leads us, and through the filth of it Love leads us, but always in the end, if we but follow without swerving, he leads upward. Yet, O God upon the Cross! Thou that in the article of death didst pardon Dysmas! as what maimed warriors of life, as what bemired travellers in muddied byways, must we presently come to Thee!"

And the tales are filled too with those of whom "life claims nothing very insistently save that they write perfectly of beautiful happenings." These, and the ageless woman by whichever name known, make up his trinity. His lovers are great enough artists to find the ageless woman in the human mistress; his writers are great enough artists to break faith with the human mistress because they can find the ageless woman only in dreams. His greatest lovers are various sorts of fools, outlaws, and failures generally; and his writing men, from Shakespeare and Villon to Robert Etheridge Townsend and John Charteris and Kennaston, are irresponsible hedonists in love.

It is said of Mr. Cabell in a high quarter that "he has done quite the most distinguished romance-writing - except Miss Johnston's very best — published in this country during the last twenty-five years." To my mind this is a little like saying that Mrs. Wharton has written quite the most distinguished realistic novels—except Mr. Winston Churchill's very best. Mr. Cabell has doubtless made up his mind to be praised often by the faint damnation of critics who think him almost as great as his inferiors, such as Miss Johnston and Mr. Hewlett; but one wonders with what equanimity he hears himself dismissed as an innocent romancer who, tired of his trade, has made a few excursions into realism, as in "The Cords of Vanity" and "The Rivet in Grandfather's Neck." Under whatever trappings of period, circumstance, or code, his work is one in purpose and in meaning—and the meaning is as realistic in "The Soul of Melicent" as "The Rivet." All his work alike is expression of a duality which is in essence realistic—the duality, not of the world and

the individual, but of the individual within himself. Always, even in his one vapidly frivolous book, "The Eagle's Shadow," he has written of "the thing one cannot do for the reason that one is constituted as one is," which is "the real rivet in grandfather's neck and everybody else's." Mr. Cabell is a romancer only by the most superficial of all the distinctions that can be drawn. Basically, he is a realist without the astigmatism of the localist and the modernist, and without their expert and industrious provision for a quick oblivion. He is the realist of the realities which have nothing to say to fashion and change, and his momentary function among us is to reconstitute that higher realism which is the only true romance. That he should have got himself accepted to right and left as "only the idle singer of an empty day" is perhaps the cream of his own prolonged and elaborate personal jest. So at least we may agree to call it-unless it should presently transpire that his three goodly volumes of genealogy are his sole essays in fiction, and his tales true pages of authentic history. This impish inversion, cunningly planned for the subtler fun of watching the clever folk go wrong because of their cleverness and the stupid folk go right because of their stupidity, would be less Mr. Cabell's self-contradiction than his Aristophanic crown. WILSON FOLLETT.

For the Young Men Dead

Give them the Spring again some other place! Though they are dead, now let them have a birth In Spring—the languor of the earth, The sharp delight of apple-trees, or a face. Let them on moorlands by a blue sea race The tumbling little breezes, yapping mirth. Give them the light, the breathing, and the girth Of a Spring day that is enough of space.

They are so young, I don't think they decay Quickly, as those perhaps more worn with life, Nor do they take quiescence as their lot. They wake, they stir, they are leaping, they're at

At young men's games, wrestling, putting the

And the fields of heaven are noisy with clean strife.

FLORENCE KIPER FRANK.

Our London Letter

It was not of course to be supposed that Mr. Edmund Gosse's charming and vivacious, if sometimes over reticent, portrait of Swinburne would remain forever unchallenged. The counterblast has come, whence it might have been expected, from two members of the Watts-Dunton circle, in a volume entitled "The Letters of Algernon Charles Swinburne, with Some Personal Recollections," by Thomas Hake and Arthur Compton-Rickett (John Murray, London, 10/6). It may be said at once that the counterblast takes a singularly gentle and courteous form and that there is no trace of any desire on the part of the authors to begin one of those gigantic literary quarrels which Swinburne himself found so pleasant. They only remark in their introduction that Mr. Gosse is not altogether fair in his account of Swinburne's later life, and they protest against his estimate of Watts-Dunton's influence. In the body of their book they certainly endeavor to present Swinburne's years of retirement at the Pines in as cheerful a light as possible; but they are far from being quarrelsome and, except in one very slight instance, they do not contradict Mr. Gosse in matters of fact. From this point of view the book is a model of restraint and literary good manners. It is even-I am bound to confess, remembering the leanings of its subjecta little disappointing.

But taken as a whole it cannot be compared with Mr. Gosse's study; nor is it very good regarded by itself, without any comparison. The title is somewhat misleading. Only a comparatively small number of letters are quoted and the book does not cover the whole of Swinburne's life or even, with any sort of completeness, any one period of his life. It looks very much, in fact, as though the authors had at their disposal a quite fortuitously selected heap of letters, out of which they made as good a book as they could. They do not seem to have made any use of Mr. T. J. Wise's privately printed collection, and it is obvious that before we can fully judge Swinburne as a letter-writer we must wait for the volume which Mr. Gosse has announced.

But such letters as are given here are extremely interesting and whet one's appetite for a larger and fuller book. Swinburne is not likely to be placed in the very first rank of letter-writers—for just the same reason that keeps him out of the

first rank of poets. He was far too much interested in literature and far too little interested in life. It may be objected that nearly all the most entertaining letter-writers write a good deal about literature and that some of the best letters in the world are bookish letters. But Swinburne's curse was that he completely confused literature and life. He looked at life through literature, and when he was confronted with a new fact or a new personality he promptly made up some more literature through which to regard it. All his passions, his republicanism. his enthusiasm for Italy-a country he hardly knew-were self-hypnotisms based on poetical conventions. This unfortunate characteristic makes many of his letters as unreal as much of his poetry; but they are still readable and good, and they are always extremely like their author. Some of the best are those in which Swinburne, in a mixture of ecstasy, humility, and critical precision, advises Dante Gabriel Rossetti on the changes to be made in the proof-sheets of his forthcoming volume of poems. The opinions are sometimes characteristically extravagant, as when he says:

Of the sonnets gathered up together in the book, I can only say I am always in an equal wonder at their overrunning wealth of thought and phrase, clothed and set in such absolutely impeccable and inevitable perfection of expressive form.

Swinburne's likes and dislikes were generally pretty irrational; and when he liked a thing he had as a rule only a rich, but never a very precise or enlightening, vocabulary of praise. When he disliked, or liked only faintly or reluctantly, he was often much closer in his expression. Thus, in the same letter, he defines the faults of Morris's "Earthly Paradise" very clearly:

I have just received Topsy's book: the Oudrun story is excellently told, I can see, and of keen interest, but I find generally no change in the trailing style of work. His Muse is like Homer's Trojan women; she drags her robes as she walks. I really think any Muse (when she is neither resting or flying) ought to tighten her girdle, tuck up her skirts, and step out. It is better than Tennyson's short-winded and artificial concision—but there is such a thing as swift and spontaneous strife. Top's is spontaneous and slow; and, especially, my ear hungers for more force and variety of sound in the verse. It looks as if he purposely avoided all strenuous emotion or strength of music in thought and word; and so, when set by other work as good, his work seems hardly done in thorough earnest.

This is sound and illuminating; and perhaps the best that can be said of these letters is that they give the ardency and occasional good sense of

Swinburne's literary criticism without, as a rule, the luxuriant verbiage and high-pitched super-latives of his set essays. If they are to be taken as pieces of self-revelation there is nothing in them so pathetic or so enlightening as this, in a letter to Watts-Dunton:

Chatto has not sent a single weekly newspaper to order; they should all have been here by nine this morning. On second thoughts, to prevent any confusion of my own with my mother's account, I shall not order the "Pall Mall" of the people who supply her with journals, but order it straight from the office, subscribing for three or six months. Will you kindly draw up; and forward me a proper business-like order to that effect, and let me know if, and how much, I ought to pay in advance, a task which you, perhaps, would undertake for me, and I could send you a cheque for the amount as soon as you can get and send me a cheque book?

This heart-rending paragraph raises at once, in a most uncompromising form, the question whether Swinburne was right in submitting himself to the protection and guardianship of Watts-Dunton.

And, personally, I have no hestitation whatever in replying that the authors of this book are right and that Mr. Gosse, with all his sympathy and brilliance, is wrong. The question was whether the amazing and magnificent youthful Swinburne, whose incredibly dissolute habits we are all so afraid of mentioning, should dissolve altogether or should consent to an ordering of his life that would prolong it but would certainly rob it of all its magnificence. There seems to have been no alternative between a somewhat tamed and faded poet and a dead, or at the very best an insane, poet. I do not think the faded poet who lived at the Pines was really of very much interest to the world; but then neither would a poet dead or mad have been. Mr. Gosse, I fancy, is led astray by his feeling for composition. That long and terrible anticlimax offends his artistic instincts, and a Swinburne either dying horribly or shut up in a madhouse would have made a much more effective close to the story. I do not mean that Mr. Gosse has thought all this out so brutally, or even consciously at all; but I think these must be the sub-conscious considerations which have affected his judgment. Of course some other person might have been found for the job of guardian. Watts-Dunton was an excessively dull novelist and poet, and a critic more magisterial than sympathetic; but, after all, Swinburne probably wanted to live and retain his reason. Watts-Dunton managed that for him in a very

effective way and may be forgiven for his poems and novels.

Swinburne is still by way of being a mystery and I may be excused for taking up so much space with anything that throws a little new light on him. But I wish I had left myself a little more for dealing with Mr. Bertrand Russell's new book, "Mysticism and Logic" (Longmans, Green; \$2.50). The other day, when I was reading the literary column of a weekly paper. I was a little astonished to see that the writer, in opposing the view that we have today no first-class prose writers, mentioned Mr. Russell as an instance to the contrary. But the more I thought of it the more I began to believe he was right: and "Mysticism and Logic" has been quite enough to settle my doubts. My hesitation was caused by the fact that one thinks first of Mr. Russell as a mathematical philosopher of extraordinary profundity, part-author of the great "Principia Mathematica," of which it has been said that only eighty-seven persons in the world can understand it and that this number does not include both the authors. But he is more besides. He is a writer who can popularize philosophy, even mathematical philosophy, without making it vulgar or becoming himself condescending; and he can write nobly and greatly in a manner intelligible to the laity without ever seeming to stoop to their level.

"Mysticism and Logic" contains so much wit and handles difficult matters so lightly and adroitly that at first the temptation to use an easy cliché and call Mr. Russell a "Laughing Philosopher" is almost overwhelming. But then one turns over the pages and comes on this passage:

That man is the product of causes which had no prevision of the end they were achieving; that his origin, his growth, his hopes and fears, his loves and his beliefs are but the outcome of accidental collocations of atoms; that no fire, no heroism, no intensity of thought and feeling can preserve an individual life beyond the grave; that all the labours of the ages, all the devotion, all the inspiration, all the noonday brightness of human genius are destined to extinction in the vast death of the solar system, and that the whole temple of man's achievement must inevitably be buried beneath the débris of a universe in ruins—all these things, if not quite beyond dispute, are yet so nearly certain, that no philosophy which rejects them can hope to stand. Only within the scaffolding of these truths, only on the firm foundation of unyielding despair, can the soul's habitation henceforth be safely built.

This is not comfortable doctrine, but it is nobly expressed; and the essay from which it is taken, "A Free Man's Worship," is one of the finest

pieces of philosophical writing of modern times. In general recent philosophy has either been of a highly technical order (like Croce's) or has leaned towards the popularity of the salon and the lecture-room, more anxious to be striking and up-to-date than to be elevating and profound (like Bergson's). Philosophy was tending to disappear in two directions from the survey of the ordinary, unspecialized, but cultured man, who was left to nourish his soul on poetry alone. Now again, perhaps, if he has courage to face Mr. Russell's frightful universe and to extract from it the lessons of courage and exaltation which Mr. Russell extracts, he can say:

How charming is divine philosophy! Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose But musical as is Apollo's lute.

In conclusion I must mention not a book but an incident or an affair. One ought to begin: "All London has been talking . . . " But precisely what bothers me is that London has been doing nothing of the kind. A certain gentleman, a Mr. Austin Fryers, has produced on the stage of the Court Theatre a play called "Realities," which, he says, was written by Ibsen as a sequel to "Ghosts." Now Mr. Heinemann, Ibsen's English publisher, to whom apparently Mr. Fryers offered the copyright of this piece, produces a letter from Dr. Sigurd Ibsen, the son of the dramatist, to the effect that his father never wrote any such play. Moreover the Norwegian original of the piece, it seems, is not forthcoming-only the English translation. However, it has been performed. I do not know whether it is of Ibsen or not. Oswald is recovered, Mrs. Alving is paralyzed, Oswald is still in love with Regina and uses drugs to back up the effects of his blandishments-but no! I do not think it is by Ibsen. The odd thing is that no one seems to care, and this perplexes me. Of two things, one: either an impudent fraud has been attempted on the English public, or an unknown play of Ibsen's maturity has been discovered. But, I say again in my bewilderment, no one seems to care; and the critics rather lackadaisically discuss three possible solutions: (a) that it is all Ibsen; (b) that it is all Fryers; (c) that it is some of each. The truth is, I suppose, that Ibsen is a little out of fashion at the moment; and this must be very disappointing to Mr. Fryers, whoever wrote the play. However it is too late for him now to fasten the thing on to Shakespeare. EDWARD SHANKS.

London, April 6, 1918.

The Voice of Reason

THE AIMS OF LABOUR. By Arthur Henderson, M. P., Secretary of the Labour Party. Huebsch; 50 ets.

Here is a pamphlet of some eighty-two pages by Mr. Henderson, to which is appended the "Memorandum on War Aims" of the British Labor Party, together with that remarkable document on reconstruction, "Labour and the New Social Order"-only a hundred odd printed pages in all. Yet in this small compass are contained the most explicit and illuminating answers to those questions which the war has compelled every one of us, hopefully or despairingly, to ask. If we would know the purpose and meaning of the democratic forces which the conflict has summoned even while, for the time being, it has ruthlessly crushed their outward manifestation, that knowledge is here; if we are eager to discover on what terms and until what point the war ought to continue, the answer is here; if we sometimes wonder about what kind of programme must be followed in the coming strange days of peace, if we are to avoid disaster in an impoverished and exhausted world, that programme, in specific as well as general terms, is presented to us here. All the complexities and cross-purposes that Entente diplomacy has fumblingly and palteringly bickered over, being either afraid or unwilling to bring them into the open light of common discussion, are here frankly envisaged. The Labor Party does not flinch from the most "delicate" questions of the hushed-voice diplomacy, which cannot even yet wholly free itself from the nineteenth-century tradition of back-stairs pourparlers. The break is complete and final with that kind of conventional foreignoffice method which regards the representative chamber as a mere audience hall where the triumphs of secret negotiations can be eloquently exposed or the not-to-be-hidden failures gracefully explained away. Every card is laid on the table, and although the discussion is tactful, the claims of the feelings of diplomats are not regarded as more urgent than the demand for a more decent world from the millions who have suffered all things to bring it into existence. For example, the legitimate aspirations of Italy are unhesitatingly supported, but the flavor of imperialistic ambition in other Italian claims is as unhesitatingly condemned. Similarly, Alsace-Lorraine is treated, as it ought all along to have been treated, as an international question, not as a private property problem of either Germany

or France. The vexed problems of the Balkans and of the African colonies are, with a consistency that never loses touch with the facts, freely recommended to the decision of an international commission acting under the authority of that league of nations which it is the business of this war to make practicable. The Labor Party's hostile attitude toward an economic "war after the war" and its placing of complete reparation of Belgium as the sine qua non of even discussion of peace do not need elaboration. The point is, nothing has been left to a mere general declaration of good intentions. The outline is full and detailed.

No one can read this document and fail to see that it is the most uncompromising programme for an acceptable peace yet proposed. The corner stone of the entire scheme, of course, is the proposed league of nations. But it is precisely the surrender of complete national sovereignty implicit in any league of nations which runs counter to the whole purpose and philosophy of Germany's world politics. Only a defeated or a revolutionized Germany can be a trustworthy partner in any such league as the British Labor Party proposes. Even what is conventionally called "victory" will not satisfy it. "Any victory," writes Mr. Henderson, "however spectacular and dramatic in a military sense it may be, which falls short of the realization of the ideals with which we entered the war, will not be a victory but a defeat. We strive for victory because we want to end war altogether, not merely to prove the superiority of British arms over those of Germany. We continue the struggle, dreadful though the cost of it has become, because we have to enforce reparation for a great wrong perpetrated upon a small unoffending nation, to liberate subject peoples and enable them to live under a form of government of their own choosing, and to destroy, not a great nation, but a militarist autocracy which had deliberately planned war without considering the interests either of their own people or of the European Commonwealth of which they are a part."

Yet in the face of such assertions it is the solemn truth that Arthur Henderson has been described as a person of "pacifist" tendencies by people who really ought to have known better. Perhaps the myth arose from his resignation from the Lloyd George cabinet when he disagreed with the Premier over the advisability of sending delegates to the international conference of labor and socialists, called by the

Russians. Mr. Henderson is content to leave the judgment upon the merits of that controversy to history, but his growing leadership in international affairs indicates that perhaps a large part of the contemporary world of labor has already judged. He stands today as the most consistent, the most fearless, and the most powerful advocate of a moral victory over German—and every other—imperialism. It is no accident that his hopes, and the hopes of those for whom he speaks, receive their greatest encouragement from the policies and aims enunciated by President Wilson.

Now what does it mean-this clarity and conciseness from an unofficial body? Since Mr. Henderson's book was written the programme he advocates has been adopted by inter-Allied labor, and the visiting delegates of American labor, according to recent dispatches from London, announce themselves as sympathetic. In brief, the whole drift of events shows that if governments will not of themselves officially present a common diplomatic front to the enemy, the peoples will do it unofficially and without invitation. Already they are making the abolishment of secret diplomacy more than an unctuous phrase-here is a clear instance of open pragmatic diplomacy in action. Bit by bit the whole rotten structure of international intrigue, as we knew it before the war, is being destroyed. Conventional diplomacy has shown itself bankrupt, and the peoples are appointing their own receivers-"the people will not choose to entrust their destinies at the Peace Conference to statesmen who have not perceived the moral significance of the struggle, and who are not prepared to make a people's peace."

In this pamphlet Mr. Henderson makes his eloquent plea for preparation for a people's peace even in war time. It is a plea written with admirable good temper and good sense. The war has raised so many problems that it is a kind of psychological self-protection to fall back on the mechanical theory of progress—that preparation for a new world goes on while we sleep, and that a finer social order somehow inheres in the mere end of hostilities. Our own political thinking, for instance, is so dominated by the legalistic tradition, which cannot even imaginatively envisage any other political entities than the sovereign national state, that our press is quite content with what one might call the automatic slot machine theory of war and peace. The theory is: you put in the penny of a military victory and automatically pull out the gum of a perfect peace and a happy world. Mr. Henderson puts the criminal

folly of this attitude in a few words: "The outstanding facts of world politics at the present time-and when peace comes this fact will be made still more clear-is that a great tide of revolutionary feeling is rising in every country." The reactionaries are tragically deceiving themselves if they imagine that the present unchallenging submission of the peoples to all sorts of restriction upon freedom is an earnest of the temper with which they will face the problems of reconstruction. Of course Mr. Henderson does not believe in violent revolution; the whole bent of the English mind is towards constitutional and orderly change. Organized revolution in the continental sense is not part of England's historic background; her people do not plan dramatic and sudden coups d'état. But, as Mr. Henderson points out, they "are capable of vigorous action, of persistent and steady agitation year in and year out, of stubborn and resolute pressure against which nothing can stand." Our own gusty and sporadic methods of political agitation might learn with considerable profit from this even, stubborn temper of the British. In any modern highly organized industrial democracy the people stand to lose almost as much as they gain by resorting to the barricade and the red flag. It is just the prosaic problem of production; a decent social order is not the flower of that impoverishment which inevitably arises when the whole machinery of production is thrown askew.

Yet the decision as to whether reconstruction is to be a violent or peaceful affair does not, after all, rest with the democracies. It rests with the small powerful cliques that control the machinery of the modern state. A mere restoration of the capitalistic régime which the war has discredited and in large part destroyed will not be tolerated, not even in Germany; for as Mr. Henderson says with such fine dispassion, "conscience and reason do not end upon the frontiers of Central Europe." In a word, when the war is over and democracy has defeated its foreign enemies, it will know how to defeat its domestic enemies. That domestic victory will come either through peaceable means or direct assault, but the decision as to which method shall be followed depends upon the reasonableness of those in control. They cannot too early begin to cultivate the mood whereby they can gracefully relinquish power. For only in an atmosphere of rational accommodation can peace, when finally it does come, be in very truth a jewel without price.

HAROLD STEARNS.

Literary Claptrap

LITERARY CHAPTERS. By W. L. George. Little. Brown; \$1.50.

Mr. George is best known to us as the author of "The Second Blooming." The little essays of this little book are his own second blooming. presumably. They are a little forced, and will fade early.

He seems, himself, to think them rather daring. "I will affront the condemnatory vagueness of wool and fleecy cloud." I knew a lady once. intelligent and of uncertain age, who confessed that to use the word "harlot" always gave her a certain thrill. I should say Mr. George's essays affected him in the same fashion. As a matter of fact they are most agreeably genteel. Novelists. Mr. George declares, are not as highly thought of as they ought to be. The fame of the novel must inevitably become a little complicated in our increasingly complicated age. Arnold Bennett, Joseph Conrad, John Galsworthy, Thomas Hardy, and H. G. Wells "hold without challenge the premier position today" (boy, page George Moore). J. D. Beresford, Gilbert Cannan, E. M. Forster, D. H. Lawrence, Compton Mackenzie, Oliver Onions, Frank Swinnerton are particularly promising. (Later one discovers that "Mr. Bennett and Mr. Wells have taken the plunge which leads to popularity, but the younger ones have produced one man, Mr. D. H. Lawrence.") Miss Amber Reeves and Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith are very clever young women. Genius does not apparently flourish in the soil of a comfortable democracy. And finally (this is Mr. George's way of uttering the word which thrilled my friend) the English public still refuses to allow any presentation of sexinterests which gives their actual proportion in the scheme of life. A criticism or two, of the sort which many hundreds of people drop from their sleeves on the desks of scores of editors of literary magazines, fill out Mr. George's 240 pages. I confess I did not find myself gasping anywhere at Mr. George's audacity.

He writes well, at times. "It may be that the sunset of genius and the sunrise of democracy happened all within one day." "Humanity grows fat, and the grease of its comfort collects round its heart." But in his style, as in his ideas, he pushes to the verge of triteness. "It is good to know the young giant who will some day make the sacred footsteps on the sands of time." That the "literary chapters" were composed chiefly for American consumption is steadily evident, not only in the use of the pronoun "you" whenever America or Americans are signified, but in the employment of such phrases as "a dark horse" and "a combine of publishers." Mr. George is very gentle with America; on the whole she seems to him, like Miss Kave-Smith, ultimately promising.

I cannot forbear quoting one stanza from D. H. Lawrence's verse, and Mr. George's com-

Helen, you let my kisses steam Wasteful into the night's black nostrils; drink Me up, I pray; oh, you who are Night's Bacchante, How can you from my bowl of kisses shrink!

"I cannot," says our author, "having no faith in my power to judge poetry, proclaim Mr. Lawrence to Parnassus, but I doubt whether such cries as these, where an urgent wistfulness mingles in tender neighborhood with joy and pain together coupled, can remain unheard."

Any unfortunate parent whose child has suffered from croup will recognize at once the force and accuracy of both Mr. Lawrence's figure and Mr. George's conviction.

JAMES WEBER LINN.

A Swiss View of William James

THE PHILOSOPHY OF WILLIAM JAMES. By Thomas Flournoy. Authorized translation by Edwin B. Holt and William James, Jr. Holt; \$1.30.

In the spring of 1910 William James went abroad to seek relief from the growing hearttrouble which, in the summer of the same year, killed him. The president of the Association Chrétienne Suisse d'Etudiants, learning of the philosopher's presence in Europe, invited him to address the association at its meeting in St. Croix. He agreed to do so, his health permitting. His health, however, did not permit, and M. Flournoy, an old friend of William James's, was invited to take his place. By that time William James was dead. The lectures Flournoy gave, the substance of this book, are a distinguished act of piety and grace, in memory of a great thinker who was also a near friend.

M. Flournoy has accomplished admirably the task he set himself. He has found, in James's own spirit, the right beginnings for James's theory of life in James's temperament, in that balance of sensibility and reasonableness which makes an artist and which leads him to regard the individuality and autonomy in things without missing their connections and interplay. From this regard sprang his rejection of monism, his "radical empiricism," his conception of the character and function of thought and knowing which he called pragmatism, his pluralism, his tychism, and his defence of the plausibility of theism. M. Flournoy's exposition of these themes and of their interrelation is admirable, and yet—

And yet-although the opinions are the opinions of James, the spirit is the spirit of Flournoy. That this should be so is more or less inevitable. No mind that is truly a mind can merely reproduce what it apprehends. Even so passive a thing as a mirror turns around what it reflects, and the relations it presents are converse to those presented it. How much more transforming the reflection of an active spirit! And when the theme is the outlook of a man so myriad-minded and sympathetic as William James! It then becomes almost inevitable that the pattern into which his thought is rewoven, the places on which the high lights are thrown and the shadows spread, shall be those that utter, not a little, the temperament and hope of the interpreter at least as much as the character of his subject-matter. M. Flournoy is of Swiss citizenship, of French nationality, of the Christian religion, and to be counted among idealists in the schools of philosophy. And James had once been a student in Geneva! The assimilation of his teaching to the national tradition and personal bias of his interpreter has this empirical ground, then; and it is made unconsciously and imperceptibly. Pragmatism is thus turned into a defence of spiritualism, which it is not; into a doctrine of the limitations of the intellect, which it is not; into a teleological subjectivism, which it is not. It is adduced to Kant, who would have been horrified, as James used to be amused, at such adduction, and to a whole series of Swiss writers, among them Secrétan and Fremmel, who were preoccupied with radically different things, special pleadings, in fact, for religion against the scientific method of which pragmatism is the philosophical statement. Radical empiricism is made to mean that reality is experience, and declared to agree with a "phenomenalism" such as Renouvier's. James's personality and philosophy are declared "purely Christian in spirit," and Christ is designated as "the first pragmatist when he declared that 'by their fruits shall ye know them' and that the truth of his doctrine was to be judged by putting it in practice." Also, Christ treated the problem of evil pluralistically, and was also in this respect at one with James. Finally both were—shall I say sustained?—by a Swiss: "it would be elaborating the obvious to dwell longer on this justification of views which, heterodox as they are, have been ably supported among us a few years ago by so notable a Christian as Wilfred Monod."

However, all this is supererogatory. M. Flournoy has written an admirable book, the best on William James that has yet appeared. This English version has been made by Edwin Holt, an old friend and the most brilliant pupil of James, and William James, Jr., a son. They have given it a distinction which always equals and at points exceeds that of the original.

H. M. KALLEN.

A Scholarly Vagabond

ALONE IN THE CARIBBEAN. By Frederic A. Fenger. Doran; \$2.

Little as Milton was thinking of tales of travel when he said the mind can make a heaven of hell, this is exactly what the sensible traveler seems to think when he reports his journey. Satan's wistful idealism is not always needed; what is needed however is that the writer proceed on the principle that what he thinks about it all is quite as useful and entertaining as where he has been and what he has seen. The two things, of course, need not be mutually exclusive.

Such another Satanic sightseer is Mr. Fenger, whose "Alone in the Caribbean" is an absorbing. review of his ride along the Lesser Antilles in his sailing canoe "Yakaboo." Yet it took more than a jaunty stylist to sail a canoe over the cross currents and chops of these island channels, to the universal wonder of the natives. Although Mr. Fenger pauses to illustrate by diagrams the construction of his craft and to describe subtle tacks at critical times, he is chiefly interested in the country and its inhabitants. This interest the reader inherits, and adds to it a hearty liking for the whimsical, independent navigator.

Much of the interest, to be sure, lies in the nature of the subject: forgotten little islands in the South Atlantic which have not changed greatly since the sway of the ancien régime, when the Empress Josephine and Alexander Hamilton were born here—a romantic setting, free for the taking. But lively as is kept the reader's curiosity about the region, and unusual as this vehicle of romance may be (a deep sea canoe with no rud-

der), it is Mr. Fenger's style of thought and expression that count most.

In the first place, it is no sentimental journey, no travels with a donkey; which is to say that it is refreshingly unliterary. Stevenson, Conrad, W. H. Hudson, the author probably has read, but laudably forgotten—quite as they forget one another. Somewhere toward the end of his chronicle the writer happens to remark, "The world is merely one huge farce of comparison."

Making these comparisons is his entertainment -and the reader's as well. Some are not especially illustrative; many of them are brilliant bits of verisimilitude: but the busy skipper fishes them up and honestly turns all over to you just as they come to him. Unlike many a traveloguist, and shopman, he never strives to please. The result is that he fascinates from the time "the new clean sails hung from their spars like the unprinted leaves of a book" until he "was back in civilization again and as far from the 'Yakaboo' and the Lesser Antilles as you, sitting on the back of your neck in a Morris chair." There is a good Yankee slant to most of these figures which is irresistible. In the Bay of Fort de France, for example, he had difficulty with the customs officials but succeeded in calling out to the crowd gathered on the quay for one M. Richaud, to whom he had a letter of introduction. "There was a movement in the crowd and a little man was pushed to the outer edge, like the stone out of a prune"-the more realistic since the crowd was made up of negroes. Quite as unprecedented is the following, from an account of a pursuit of humpback whales in a native outfit: "We had eaten no food since the night before, and all day long the brown-black almost hairless calves of the men had been reminding me in an agonizing way of the breast of roasted duck."

After passages like that describing the author's moonlight visit to St. Pierre, the Pompeii of the Antilles, and how he "loafed in the high noon of the moon" through the lava covered streets, taking refuge at last in the cemetery among the legitimately dead and buried, it is not so easy to show that Mr. Fenger is no stylist. At last one realizes the beguilingly simple art of this navigator who once recalled Southern France and once Venice, wore a Swedish leather dog-skin coat over his rags when he climbed Mt. Pelee, and read himself to sleep with the "Æneid" in the cockpit of his canoe. There's no vagabond like a gentleman and a scholar.

MYRON R. WILLIAMS.

The Deterioration of Poets

THE LAST BLACKBIRD. By Ralph Hodgson. Macmillan; \$1.35.
HILL TRACKS. By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. Macmillan; \$1.75.
A FATHER OF WOMEN, and Other Poems. By Alice Meynell. Burns & Oates, London; 2/.
POEMS. By Edward Thomas. Holt; \$1.
THE LILY OF MALUD, and Other Poems. By J.
C. Squire. Martin Secker, London.
THE OLD HUNTSMAN. By Siegfried Sassoon.
Dutton; \$2.

A Lap Full of Seed. By Max Plowman. Blackwell, London; 3/6.

For the psychologist there could be few more fascinating problems than the rise and decline of a poet's power. It is a truism to say that for every artist, of whatever art, there comes inevitably a time of deterioration; but this is particularly true among poets, it is certainly more conspicuous among them, and it may well be asked whether by the rate and time of it one cannot accurately appraise a poet's importance. Not always, perhaps; if we adhered too strictly to this theory we should be compelled to rank the lyric poets almost invariably below the narrative or contemplative poets, a ranking which could hardly be acceptable to all. For it is a curious fact that just as the novelist usually exhibits greater staying power than the poet, contriving for a longer time to produce works on a relatively higher plane and in greater quantity, so the objective poet, quite as clearly, tends to outstrip the subjective poet. The Freudians might say that this is because the subjective poet. speaking always in his own person, out of his own heart, more rapidly therefore gives release and full expression to his emotional hungers: whereas the objective poet, finding only semioccasionally in the course of his work an opportunity for surrender to these cherished and secret compulsions, compulsions of which to be sure he is only partially aware, leaves them, always, in that state of restlessness and frustration which incites him to a renewal of labor. It might be a mistake then, if there are any such things as purely subjective or purely objective poets, to judge the two sorts more than speculatively by this standard. It would be obviously fairer to measure only subjective against subjective, objective against objective. One has no right to demand of a Rossetti as prolonged and fecund a brilliance as of a Browning. The affair is further complicated by the fact that purity of type is so rare, particularly as regards the poet whom we must call, for lack of a more accurate term, objective. Many objective poets begin their careers in a lyric vein, and some of them show a disposition to return once more to it at the end. This last is perhaps the class to which belong our greatest poets, those whose careers present a cyclic evolution. In these rare cases it is not so much deterioration one looks for as change.

In the main however, if we keep in mind these provisos, we may consider the temporal span of a poet's evolution to be a fairly good empirical index to his importance, it being understood of course that his work shows sufficient brilliance to warrant the question at all. "This is good," we remark, "but can he keep it up?" And on the answer depends very largely our judgment. There is also to be considered the merely practical aspect of this: in a sphere so overcrowded it is those who endure longest, producing most, who will be longest remembered. The lyric poet who early exhausts himself, the narrative poet who begins to repeat his theme and manner, become as it were known quantities; and unfortunately the world is disposed to lose interest in known quantities all too quickly. Only the type of poetic genius who possesses a capacity for new experience, perpetually generating new complexes, evolving therefore from one manner or emotional attitude to another, can continue to delight by continuing to surprise. And of this type too there are infinite gradations, some completing their orbits much more rapidly than others.

Mr. Gibson, Mr. Hodgson, and Mrs. Meynell are the immediate occasion for these reflections, for all three of them, in their latest books, exhibit a marked deterioration in quality. Whether or not this deterioration is permanent we have, to be sure, no way of knowing. In the case of Mr. Gibson the deterioration is least striking, as is natural, since Mr. Gibson is predominantly an objective poet. The deterioration of a lyric poet is apt to be abrupt. That of a narrative poet is usually slow, sometimes only clearly perceptible in retrospect. We can see now that since the publication of "Fires" Mr. Gibson has tended to repeat himself, to allow his sensibilities to harden; his manner has become, to borrow a psychological term, autistic. Petrifaction of style, the failure to invent new medium and new theme, the comfortable habit of relying a little too easily on the well-known and often-used gesture, began perhaps in "Fires" itself and has now, in "Hill-Tracks," reached a point where, barring an unexpected development, we may say

that Mr. Gibson has nothing of importance to add to what he has already said. He belongs to that type of poet which, while objective, can be objective in only one style, which even when least personal in theme is none the less idiosyncratic in manner; he employs the type of objectivity which does not develop under the guidance of a free-roving and universally healthy intellectual attitude, but at the dictate of a strong personal bias, or what the Freudians would call a complex. Shakespeare and Chaucer in this respect lie at the extreme in one direction, Verlaine and Leopardi in the other. Poets like Masefield and Gibson lie midway between. This is not to imply that the present volume is utterly devoid of power and charm; a poet of Mr. Gibson's ability cannot lose his technique or personality overnight, and even in deterioration his work remains interesting. At the same time, one is driven to conclude that if Mr. Gibson is to keep his hold on us he must evolve a new manner, sink a new shaft; his vein seems to be exhausted. "Hill-Tracks" is a monotonous book, composed almost wholly of poems which lie midway in manner between his earlier narrative style and the ballad. The structural method is discouragingly uniform. Mr. Gibson has surrendered himself to a predilection for place-names which amounts almost to mania, and poem after poem follows the same scheme-beginning and ending with a recital of place-names, sometimes even iterating them throughout. The narrative element is thin; the emotional element is frequently altogether absent.

Mrs. Meynell's book is slight, and demands little comment. Mrs. Meynell's technique and manner are nearly always precise to the point of preciosity, and in the present instance, as indeed for some time past, they approximate the frigid. It is not that she has nothing to say, or nothing to feel; but the emotivity of the lyric poet is not inexhaustible, and Mrs. Meynell's lyric gift was always a slender one. It is enough to say that her verse, while adroit, no longer has gusto.

The case of Mr. Hodgson is more interesting and more uncertain. One would like nothing better than to be told that his new book, "The Last Blackbird," is not really a successor but a predecessor of the earlier published "Poems." If that is not the case, then all one can say is that Mr. Hodgson's collapse is nothing short of appalling. Of the delicious charm and magic which infused "Eve," "Stupidity Street," "The Bull," and other things in the earlier book,

there remains in the present volume hardly a trace. Mr. Hodgson appears to have outwept his rain, and rather suddenly. Instead of the earlier warmth, 'color, and whim, one finds here little but chill abstractions, smooth modulation, and a curious tendency towards the cool formalism of certain eighteenth century poets, notably Thomas Gray. It begins to look as if our expectations of Mr. Hodgson had been too sanguine. Must we class him among the three-poem poets?

The remaining four volumes-those of Edward Thomas, J. C. Squire, Siegfried Sassoon, and Max Plowman-do not relate to our theme of deterioration. Edward Thomas was killed in action, and "Poems" was his first and last book of verse. To many it will probably prove disappointing. Most of it is the work of a sensitive prose craftsman, a lover of poetry, with a mind rich in observation; but it is not, perhaps, the work of a born poet. It is a verse of restless approximations rather than of achievement. The sense of rhythm is so imperfect that one is continually obliged to reread a line several This is no doubt due in part to the verse-theory of Mr. Robert Frost (to whom the book is dedicated) that the rhythm of poetry should be that of colloquial speech; but it is also due to defective ear and a consequent poverty in the sense of prosodic arrangement. In general the style is cerebral, cumulative rather than selective, and somewhat fatiguing; the most we can say is that from the book as a whole emerges an engaging personality, a personality of many and complex moods, most at home however in the pastoral.

In some respects Mr. J. C. Squire's work is not unlike that of Thomas: it is apt to be crabbed and uneven, and it is almost always cerebral rather than emotional. One sometimes admires, but seldom is one moved. In the title poem, "The Lily of Malud," Mr. Squire has considerably overworked a goodish idea, though even to begin with the idea was perhaps a trifle precious. The effect aimed at was one of eeriness. but Mr. Squire's details are too commonplacely real, and the rather frequent references to the mud from which the mysterious lily ascends precipitate the vapor of illusion somewhat abruptly. . . . It is a kind of intellectual falseness, also, which undoes Mr. Sassoon and Mr. Plowman. Mr. Sassoon is at his best in the shorter war-poems, though even in these he is a trifle too self-conscious and academic. Mr. Plowman, a disciple of Blake, eliminates too persistently the sensuous element without which poetry is barren. He is also a little too studiously archaic. Occasionally however, as in the symbolic poem "The Bowman," he gives us a formal lyric which is very effective.

On the whole, if these seven volumes are a fair test, it appears that the renaissance of poetry in England is not so vigorous or interesting today as it was between 1912 and 1915. Have the maturer poets of England, those of established reputation, completed their orbits, and has the interregnum now arrived during which the apprentice poets, in greater numbers, and profiting by the adventures of their predecessors, are preparing for the next flight? That, at any rate, appears to be the state of things in both England and America—the chief difference being that the American poets will inherit a greater freedom, the English a finer sensitiveness to language.

CONRAD AIKEN.

The Brevity School in Fiction

On the Stairs. By Henry B. Fuller. Houghton Mifflin; \$1.50.

Last year, you will remember, Mr. Fuller, in THE DIAL, made his plea for shorter novels. He had unkind words for the loose-tongued, selfindulgent Englishman who chats, sprawls, goes quite ungirt, and for the diffuseness and formlessness that are the capital defects of the English novel. He approves the critic who says that the task of the novelist is to discover the nature of his interest in life, and to express that interest in the form of a story. But, he adds, it must be an interest disciplined, which shall result in a unified impression. He believes that in 50,000 words. properly packed, the novelist can cover long periods of time and can handle adequately a large number of individuals and of family groups. To this end he would rule out long descriptions of persons, set descriptions of places; conversation which fills the page without illuminating it, conventional scenes and situations. The novel should be spare-ribbed and athletic. The irrelevant should be pared off, so as to leave a clear outline for movement and idea. Mr. Fuller's plea for shorter novels was a plea for more artistic novels. These interminable stories that Americans are so fond of, with their would-be realism, but without form or development, lack even the rudiments of art. We are becoming fatty with too much reading. The quickened tempo of our modern intelligence demands a change.

Mr. Fuller did not tell us that, all the time, he had up his sleeve a most brilliant example of the very kind of novel he asked for. In "Lines Long and Short" he had made a series of sketches for the "short novel." Free verse, he saw, offered a tempting vehicle for the modern story seeking to escape the "stale and inflated conventions." This new form could "lay tribute upon some of the best effects and advantages of poetry, the packed thought, the winged epithet, the concentrated expression." And these little sketches of his-dry, sardonic, etched in brisk, sharp strokes-made story-telling seem like almost a new art. They were spacious enough to improve upon that "trebly compressed, quintessentialized pungency of Spoon River" with its "escape of strongest ammonia." Yet they avoided all the confectionery of description and the patter of conversation. After such a book and Mr. Fuller's articles the "short novel" was inevitable.

In "On the Stairs" he has filled out the design, and has produced a book which has all the brisk, sardonic interest of these free-verse narratives and yet gives the spacious sense of a full-sized novel. True to his "conviction that story-telling, whatever form it may take, can be done within limits narrower than those now generally employed," he has put into less than 50,000 words a story that covers the developing Chicago of the last forty years, the history of a wealthy family, the rise of a self-made man, the interlocking of his fortunes with the wealthy scion, who, while the other mounts the stair of fortune, sinks into an ineffective citizen, "unable to command and un-willing to obey." There is the younger generation as affected by the war. There is the whole ironic comedy of the feeble struggle of the æsthetic spirit against the hearty and masterful Chicago growth and self-confidence. Into this story Mr. Fuller has packed the essentials of that sweep of American life that interests him. And he has done it triumphantly, with just that terse suggestiveness and classic sense of form that he has admired and urged in others. The physician, anxious about the health of American fiction, has quite beautifully healed himself.

Raymond Prince is a masterly portrait—the rich young man utterly indifferent to business or a professional career, who is drawn to Europe, where he is too good and self-controlled to do anything but become a pallid servitor of the arts. Chicago proves an infertile field for the æsthete. Raymond's personal contacts are scarcely more successful than his contacts with business affairs. His protagonist, John W. McComas, who began life as the Prince coachman's son, and has found the world his oyster, manages to swing Raymond's wife and even his son into his influence; and Raymond is left, resentfully contented in the obscure, irresponsible bachelor existence that should have been his walk of life from the beginning. Raymond's divorced wife is long since married to the widowed McComas; the son. home from the war, with a financial career ahead of him, is marrying McComas's daughter. Everyone goes up the stairs but Raymond, who goes out by that same door wherein he went.

The satiric vision of these two men is contributed by a narrator, who purports to be an old schoolmate of both, tasting in his own life neither the public splendor of McComas nor the pale European flavor of Raymond. He is not envious, this narrator, but his tone, acid but not unpleasant, biting but not quite cynical, sets exactly in the most just and vivid light this so indigenously American social study. To the consumer of the average American novel "On the Stairs" will seem quite dreadfully to lack sympathy. But it will delight every person who is looking for that rarest of all qualities in the contemporary American novel-wisdom. It is the wisdom of a mind that has nothing to preach, no social problem to solve, no moral to bequeath. Mr. Fuller looks at this human comedy that he has studied for many years, and puts down in a clear and composed form the truth as it appears to him. The result is an extremely bracing attitude, the effect of an uncompromisingly artistic effort instead of an ethical one. The reader is balked of any moral preferences. The self-made man is no more attractive than the tepid connoisseur. You may despise Raymond for his choked patriotism, but you can scarcely admire the young hero, his son, who returns from the war to his capitalistic ambitions. What you remember is not any moral, but the fine, clear outlines of a piece of literary art that is a criticism of American life as well as a dramatic story.

It is not only the contour that is classic. Mr. Fuller has been able to make his characters types as well as individuals. They criticize American society in that they symbolize whole classes, express certain current attitudes. Raymond and Gertrude and Albert satirize themselves and all

who are like them, and they do it just by being what they are in the essential attributes that Mr. Fuller gives them. This, I take it, is the note of the good old classic tales, and Mr. Fuller in his rigor for form has achieved the same effect of significant generality expressed through the individual. Similarly a typical incident or a fragment of talk tells more than pages of description or orthodox vraisemblable conversation. "The world, in these days of easy travel and abundant depiction, has come to know itself pretty well," says Mr. Fuller. All we need is a hint to call up the image or the sociological setting we should have before us. The novelist who uses more is either letting his poetic nature run away with him, or is writing a sociological document, of value doubtless in future centuries, but inadequate as a contemporary work of art. Mr. Fuller achieves a further criticism of the ordinary novel by maliciously calling the reader's attention, at various points in the story, to his tempting romantic opportunities-only to turn away to the inexorable truth before him and continue his prosaic but tonic way.

"On the Stairs" is thus a variety of good and important things, summing up into a delightful piece of literary art. But its chief significance ought to be the liberation of those embryo American novelists who have been writing their stories in free verse. Here is a brilliant and sound working model of the "novel within narrower limits." Will the younger American writers follow Mr. Fuller's evolution from lines long and short into the brevity novel? Of course it would be unfair to expect them to achieve the artistic finish of a writer who twenty years ago was writing some of the best novels of his day. Perhaps Mr. Fuller at sixty will have to go on writing the younger generation's novels for them. But here is a new and stirring lead that must be followed if we are to get down in black and white and in brisk pertinent form the myriad stories of the American life we know. You cannot read "On the Stairs" without hoping that here is a new fashion in literary art. "If a new day," Mr. Fuller said in one of those memorable DIAL articles, "is going to express itself to advantage, it must make its new moulds as well as find its new material. The latter vintage, crude and homely as it may be, deserves its own bottles." A bottle with the fine contour, brilliance, and availability of Mr. Fuller's brevity is a good bottle for any vintage. Let the vineyards bring forth. RANDOLPH BOURNE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS

JAPANESE ART MOTIVES. By Maude Rex Allen. McClurg; \$3.

The survival and persistent revival of the arts of the Orient, particularly of the decorative possibilities which have become an integral part of every recently and properly "done" house, make a fitting occasion for the analysis of "Japanese Art Motives." In her book Maude Rex Allen has accomplished her task thoroughly. The large selected bibliography with which she concludes her volume confirms the fact that one may find, in several languages, many treatises on the perpetually fascinating topic of Oriental art-its origin, significance, and adaptation. But this author, foreseeing the limitations of time and knowledge necessarily imposed on the most interested of auditors, has gathered from these sources, and has presented clearly and specifically, the essential factors which from the Japanese angle underlie the 'objects of beauty and utility from which our civilization is deriving benefit.

Brought up as we are on the Greek and Roman mythologies, we approach Miss Allen's subject matter with an unfamiliarity based on ignorance. With our proverbially superficial knowledge of even those arts we enjoy, we have accepted the beauty of the Orient with no attempt to comprehend the meaning that the creators thereof have put into it. Even the casual reader of this book will be instantaneously impressed by its wealth of material-the abundance of mythology, of symbolism, of creative imagination. It astounds us as much by its similarity to, as by its preponderance over, the conventional classical Here, indeed, is an ancient and fecund field wherein the dramatist-artist will find suggestive themes, although the recently dramatized legend of "The Willow Tree" supplies a none too favorable example.

Never forgetting her aim or her audience, Miss Allen has arranged this undoubtedly chaotic mixture of religion, superstition, and fact with skilful care. Under the headings "Plants," "Animals," "Deities," and miscellaneous "Symbolic Objects". she has grouped the better known emblems, giving them their foreign and English names, and briefly explaining their generic significances and their application. We see the reasons for the numerous Japanese festivals, and the "five o'clock" becomes a doubly cherished moment when, with a charm of detail, we visualize the augustly auspicious function in which we are participating. And we regret that one cannot always limit, in the orthodox Japanese fashion, the guests to the 'celestial number" of five, nor employ thirty-two blessed implements in the brewing. Even the artificial landscape arrangements are so interestingly described that we will give attention hereafter to the least attractive of our bowled miniatures
—an appreciation mingled with an intellectual
enjoyment hitherto lacking.

That is the main contribution of Miss Allen's compendium. Its illustrations, occasionally colored, are helpful; its index and references valuable; its tales interesting. But its distinctive feature is that it contains and transmits a true educational impulse; it teaches us by making us learn. Perhaps a few hours after our reading we shall have forgotten exactly what the "Yo and In" motive meant to the Chinese Emperor from whom it originated. The "Raincoat of Invisibility" may justifiably become a delightful name, instead of a memory of the conventionalized natural form it represents. But there is no question that the information to be derived from this book will prevent our handling a Japanese objet d'art without some recognition of the symbolism with which it is pregnant.

A HISTORY OF THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST. By Joseph Schafer. Revised edition. Macmillan: \$2.25.

This is a new edition of an excellent book. It gives, as did the earlier edition, a brief and authoritative account of the discovery, settlement, and acquisition by the United States of the region formerly known as the Oregon Territory, now Oregon, Washington, and Idaho. There is a good map of the country, with the emphasis on the Pacific Northwest. And the interest of the story is enhanced by the inclusion of portraits and illustrations. The new chapters treat of the boundary dispute with England, of the social changes, and of the recent experiments in governmental procedure which the country calls radical. The author is not entirely convinced that the initiative, referendum, and recall are the most successful method of reaching social ends; but he makes very clear the reason why these new communities became the experiment stations in reform for the country. It is worth noting today that as Oregon is abandoning the famous three R's, Massachusetts is making an effort to adopt them. Professor Schafer does not point out that it has always been the new community, at least in the United States, which responded most quickly to demands for democratic reforms and the remedy of abuses. Kentucky tried to abandon slavery in her early days; Illinois was democratic before she grew rich. But he does describe the social revolution from ranchmen to small farmers, and then the next revolution from small farmers to greatscale wheat producers. Any who may need a handy manual of the principal facts in the upbuilding of the far Northwest might go far and search long before finding a better work.

THE QUEST OF EL DORADO. By J. A. Zahm. Appleton; \$1.50.

Under the pen-name "H. J. Mozans," Father Zahm is known as the author of several attractive books of South American travels. "The Quest of El Dorado" is devoted to a series of essays ("chapters," they are termed) describing the expeditions of his sixteenth-century predecessors in the same regions-that succession of amazing explorers, from Belalcazar to Raleigh, who achieved the impossible in their quest of the incredible, and thereby made of South America a mine of romance richer and more lasting than the gold of all her empires. Nowhere are the pages of human history more writ with the grandiose and the bizarre-preposterous courage, preposterous cruelty, preposterous imagination. What the Spaniard brought to America outglittered what he found there-an orgulous magnificence of mind which distorted the world of sensation into the splendors of a mirage.

El Dorado, the "Gilded Man," priest-king of a mythic golden city, was first heard of, according to the tradition, from a poor Indian, whose description of what appears to have been a native rite at one time practiced by the tribes about Lake Guatavita so excited at once the love of gold and the imagining of marvels in his hearers that the tale became the noise of the whole world, and, growing in enchantment with its own telling, it mingled with and colored all the fables of Amazon queens, lost empires of the Incas, charmed Cities of the Cæsars, and resplendent Houses of the Sun, in which the Old and New Worlds had wedded their combining fancies. "The Most Romantic Episode in the History of South American Conquest" is Father Zahm's rather tame sub-title for his introduction to what is certainly the most abundant fountain of adventure-thrilling and bloody and fuming with glory-that is as yet untouched by the literary. The introduction itself is admirable, if only for its clear sketch of events and its careful references to Spanish originals, many of them little known in the United States, and, especially in the case of the South American imprints, not readily accessible.

The chance of the times is throwing into Spanish courses many of our young college folk; this chance will not altogether have failed of fortune if it turn but one or two, fresh with the gift of fancy, to this field of romance at once rich and ripe for a gorgeous harvesting. Father Zahm's book is liberally illustrated with reproductions of sixteenth-century prints and maps, which add the glamor of their own quaint distortions of fact.

POEMS OF WAR AND PEACE.

ITALIAN RHAPSODY, and Other Poems of Italy. By Robert Underwood Johnson. Published by the author, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York; \$1.50 and \$1.

Of his "Poems of War and Peace" Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson, who has become his own publisher, has now issued a second edition. which includes "The Panama Ode" and "The Corridors of Congress," together with several pieces inspired by the war. Although odes, sonnets, and blank verse by no means fill the volume, and in spite of a careful definitive arrangement, the heroic mood dominates the book and gives it a somewhat archaic flavor; for the grand manner-with all its panoply of alliteration, repetition, inversion, elision, obtrusive rhyme, classical gear, capitalized abstractions, and sententiousness-can no longer report reality, if indeed it ever did. In a day of such grim business as today's, poetry can move us with unique transcripts of that business or with complete escapes from it. Mr. Johnson offers neither: he seems unable to report this war as no other war has been reported: in his pages war is War, peace is Peace, man is Man, the enemy is the Enemyand they are nothing more; yet he cannot escape from the war:

What were Nature, Love, and Song In the presence of such wrong?

He is like a laureate whose business it is to produce occasional poems about events of which he has no intimate knowledge; and, as becomes an Academician, he does this much rather well—if one will overlook the infrequent halt line and hunted rhymes like "poor . . . Kohinoor." But such poems are not criticisms of life: they are studied reflections of the glamors with which other laureates have gilded life.

This somewhat stale, somewhat frigid unreality characterizes Mr. Johnson's lyrics also. It taints the humor of the two or three vernacular pieces, permitting him to make a puppy say:

"For cleanliness," my father said, "Is next, my dears, to dogliness."

His humor, like his beauty and his learning, is bestowed on his subjects from without, instead of suffusing them from within; his emotions, like his epithets, are bookish. The Italy of the verses in "Italian Rhapsody, and Other Poems" is the Italy of the literary visitor, of the poetic tradition—the Italy of Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Keats, but not the Italy of Browning. This unreality does not preclude feeling, for some of the lyrics—and notably the "Farewell to Italy"—achieve beauty through a gentle dew of emotion, continently expressed; but it does preclude

the passion that evokes the genius loci. In Mr. Johnson's Italy no sunburned girls write naughty words with fingers dipped in wine. And whenever feeling deserts him, his ear goes too; his verses turn pedestrian or jig-jog; his rhymes become obvious ("June . . . dune . . . tune"; "love . . . dove . . . above") or wrenched ("torso . . . more so . . . Corso"). Passionate poets hold their audience in spite of faults of taste, but when taste fails the literary poet he is undone. Mr. Johnson is a literary poet whose taste is not always loyal to him.

PAWNS OF WAR. A Play by Bosworth Crocker. With a foreword by John Galsworthy. Little, Brown; \$1.25.

This is a compact and moving little play, written in a fine, sustained style. Perhaps it is still too early for any play woven around the invasion of Belgium to have the even impersonality of tone which is characteristic of great tragedy. Yet Mr. Crocker almost completely avoids the polemical emphasis, and the high praise which Mr. Galsworthy bestows in his foreword is well merited. The dramatist does not flinch from portraying the full horror of the whole brutal business, as that nation-wide horror is reflected in the lives of one small household. But the Germans too are human, caught like the Belgians in the meshes of the net of fate. At the final scene—an eloquently restrained and pathetic climax-when the household is to pay with their lives for the death of the head of the General Staff, the German commandant cannot bring himself to punish the wife and the daughter. There is tragedy for him as well as the others when he says, "If my life were mine to give—you should go—unharmed—you and yours; but my life is not my own; it is pledged to the honor of the Fatherland; I am General of the Sixteenth Division; the order has been given; the proclamation is posted on your walls; my Chief of Staff has been shot down in this house; there is no way out." Anger at the revolting cynicism which could dictate the invasion of a peaceful country as a mere military measure, is strengthened rather than weakened by the playwright's assessment of the invaders' character without moralistic bias. And in an atmosphere of bitterness and vindictiveness it is a considerable achievement to write a play around the invasion of Belgium that shall have some of the inevitability of movement and structure which the mere propaganda play can never attain, to stir pity more than weak hatred. The play's temper is admirably reflected in the title, "Pawns of War."

CASUAL COMMENT

THE ÆSTHETIC FUNCTION OF MUSIC, LIKE that of poetry, is most misunderstood by those who are most adept in the practice of the arts. Skill in the exercise of technical methods speedily becomes a pleasure in itself, comparable only to the delight of solving a problem in higher mathematics. The advocates of "pure" or absolute music, much as the defenders of imagist poetry, derive their real thrills from their quick recognition of the hidden order in a complicated science of relations. They urge an art washed clean of any mere animal feeling, stripped of any factitious penumbra of representational memory or confused, instinctive suggestion. In a word, they make the fine arts a new and more subtle form of metaphysics. These, perhaps, are legitimate pleasures for the virtuosi who can retain the sanity of realizing their own weakness. But too many of our musicians and poets are in danger of forgetting the homely maxim that for a work of art, as for a quarrel, two are required—the artist and the audience. They resent, when they do not ignore, the human, all too human claims of their auditors.

LIKE EVERY OTHER BELLIGERENT WE HAVE discovered that an atmosphere of war is not necessarily an atmosphere conducive to great literature. Especially has it been painfully impressed upon us that the war itself is a somewhat thankless muse. John Masefield, although himself the author of two notable books about the war, "Gallipoli" and "The Old Front Line" (once more, in many places, the line of today), has frankly stated his belief that art cannot flourish during the actual progress of war. It must wait for that quieter temper which will follow the end of hostilities. Although somewhat embarrassing, it is not really impossible to remember when we were chuckling at the foolish German "hymns of hate" and wondering why on August 4, 1914 all the English writers whom we loved and admired-with a strikingly few exceptionsseemed all at once to be stricken with literary palsy. Well, we have lived for over a year in the glass house of war itself, and certainly are no longer in a position to cast stones at our neighbors. What great piece of American fiction has our first year of war brought forth? Or of poetry? Or of really fine writing? If we are honest, we have to admit-practically none. Courageous and first-rate bits of journalism we have had more than our due share of. Some of Will Irwin's descriptions, though "popular" in every sense, would have been creditable performances for any writer. Occasionally there flickers something of the Mark Twain spirit

in the dispatches describing our own "doughboys" in France. Ernest Poole's exposition of Russia and the Russians in his new book, "The Dark People," is a fine bit of work. Perhaps a dozen times during the year our poetry has risen to really noble heights, surely an average not greater than that of ordinary peace times. But taken altogether these few stars have not constituted a wonderful literary firmament. We can now appreciate how the propaganda spirit infects even the calmer of our writers. Everybody seems anxious to prove something or to disprove something else. The recriminating and bickering spirit has insinuated itself into the most objective of our prose stylists. It is the mood not of creation, but of argument. And when the puritan tradition, as strongly entrenched as it is with us, marries a new and rather unwieldly militaristic experiment, the result may come perilously close to moral megalomania. Our writers have yet to learn, for example, that the most powerful propaganda is the quietest propaganda -that under-emphasis is considerably more effective than shrillness, that truth of artistic vision and courage of artistic conviction have inalienable claims. When we wish to catch a glimpse of the human side of that mighty conflict reddening and rending the earth of Flanders and Picardy we still have to turn to those fine dispatches of Philip Gibbs. Nowhere do the courage and steadiness of those who are battling for us gleam more clearly; yet the account is written without rancor and without bitterness, and with great pity at the horror and awfulness of that wasted young flesh.

THE HISTORY OF OUR SO-CALLED POETIC renaissance will contain no sprightlier chapter than the tale of the Spectrist school. The Spectrists came among us in a moment that favored their design. The Muse was on the make hereabouts: patronesses had been discovering her; prizes were multiplying; newspapers were giving critics their head; poetry magazines, mushrooms or hardier plants, were springing up overnight; it was raining anthologies-boom times! In concert hall and museum the public had been acquiring sophistication and a safe air of noncommittal amusement before artistic queerness. If Cubists, Futurists, Imagists, Vorticists, and Others-why not Spectrists? So when Emanuel Morgan and Anne Knish got out their odd little black and white volume of "Spectra: New Poems," which Mr. Kennerley slipped unobtrusively into the 1916 tide of anthologies, the public smiled, winked, and swallowed. The characteristic verse inscription dedicated the Spectra to Remy de Gourmont. The inevitable preface

expounded, with the right mingling of erudition and mysticism, the Spectric theory that "the theme of a poem is to be regarded as a prism, upon which the colorless white light of infinite existence falls and is broken up into glowing, beautiful, and intelligible hues"; that a poem is, as it were, an after-image of "the poet's initial vision"; that the "overtones, adumbrations, or spectres which for the poet haunt all objects both of the seen and the unseen world . . . should touch with a tremulous vibrancy of ultimate fact the reader's sense of the immediate theme"-the last clause fairly crying for an Imagist rebuttal. Mr. Morgan employed metre and rhyme; Miss Knish wrote free verse: the partisans of each form were gratified. By way of madness, the poets headed their Spectra not with titles but with opus numbers; and by way of reason in their madness, their table of contents supplied the lowbrow a key of titles. In due time it was divulged that Mr. Morgan was a painter who in Paris had fallen under the influence of Remy de Gourmont, gone in for poetry, and abandoned painting-but not his sensitiveness to color; that Miss Knish was a Hungarian who had published a volume of poems in Russian under a Latin title. Take it altogether, Hoyle was satisfied and the Spectrists were gathered to the bosom of the renaissance. . .

SOME OF THE SPECTRA, TO BE SURE, WERE pretty staggeringly "queer"; but queerer things had been—and were to be. Some of them, too, were undeniably effective. The authors began to be deluged with adulatory letters from the most advanced poets of our very advanced day, of whom the men naturally inclined to address Miss Knish, and the women Mr. Morgan Here at last, it appeared, was the real thingpretense stripped away, technique reduced to lowest terms, passionate beauty impaled for a marveling posterity—that ultimate method for which the poets from Homer to themselves had been so many voices crying in the wilderness. Certain poetry magazines were impressed and sought the privilege of giving the world more Spectra, not all of which have yet been printed. "Others" devoted an entire issue to the Spectrists; they were successfully parodied in a college magazine; they acquired disciples-a Harvard undergraduate, for instance, forswore Imagism for Spectrism, and had his apostasy roundly rebuked by the high priestess of his earlier faith. Meanwhile poets had been proving their discernment by calling the attention of fellow poets to these bright new stars in the firmament of verse, sometimes inadvertently introducing the Spectrists to themselves entertaining angels unawares. The angels

must have had an enviable control of their facial muscles, acquired perhaps through reading the innumerable serious reviews of their so successful volume. For the reviewers ran signally true to form: the more conservative reviewed with alarm; the more radical poured out superlatives; the professionally cautious maintained their fencerail dignity. The supremely canny avoided the question altogether, or evaded responsibility. And thereby hangs quite the funniest tale of the whole affair. One of the editors of a distinguished journal of opinion delegated his duty to Mr. Witter Bynner, and the journal paid Mr. Bynner a neat honorarium for his solmenly judicial appraisal of himself in the rôle of "Emanuel Morgan," originator of the Spectrist theory. . . One wonders whether the genesis and course of Spectrism is not the most illuminating criticism of much that is most pretentious in the new arts. It seems that Mr. Bynner, while watching a performance by the Russian Ballet, announced a sudden determination to found a new school in poetry. What to call it? His programme lay open at "La Spectre de la Rose." Followed two weeks of indefatigable composition in collaboration with "Miss Knish," then publication and fame. Probably neither of the authors was prepared for so gratifying a success. Indeed, there is no telling how far the "movement" might have gone but for the interruption of the war, which gave "Miss Knish" a commission as Captain Arthur Davison Ficke.

THE PUBLISHERS OF "THE ATLANTIC Monthly" have assumed control of "The Living Age" and announce that the venerable weekly, than which no American periodical except "The North American Review" has had a longer uninterrupted history, will shortly broaden its scope to include again reprints of contributions to British periodicals, to which selections from Continental magazines will now be added. In 1844, when Littell founded "The Living Age," American periodicals were almost wholly dependent upon English journals for their contents and upon a very unreliable trans-Atlantic service. The editor was wont to complain that he had to go to press hearing "the noise of the steamer's arrival," knowing that his contributions were on board, but unable to make use of them before another issue. The war, which has greatly increased our intellectual demands upon Europe, has also restored something of that uncertainty of communication, as subscribers to foreign publications can bear witness. One trusts that history will not repeat itself too annoyingly in the new office of "The Living Age."

Spring



Books

Wasp Studies Afield, by Phil and Nellie Rau. Do you know how the wasps build and burrow? How they work and play? Have you ever seen their sun-dance? The authors have watched it all, and report their observations with scientific accuracy and in most entertaining style. Many excellent photographs and drawings illustrate the text. Ready in May. Price, about \$2 net. Order now.

Above the French Lines: letters of Stuart Walcott, member of the Princeton Class of 1917, killed in combat last December. They inspire confidence and courage. Illustrated, \$1 net; by mail, \$1.06.

Crime Prevention: Some aspects of the police problem of diverting potential lawbreakers from criminal courses. By Arthur Woods, formerly police commissioner of Greater New York. A crisp, practical, well-filled book. \$1 net; by mail, \$1.06.

Early Christian Iconography and a School of Ivory Carvers in Provence, by E. Baldwin Smith (No. 6, Princeton Monographs in Art and Archaeology), \$6 net; by mail, \$6.24.

Platonism, by Paul Elmer More, \$1.75 net; by mail, \$1.83.

Tales of an Old Sea Port (Bristol, R. I.), by Wilfred H. Munro, \$1.50 net; by mail, \$1.58.

National Strength and International Duty, by Theodore Roosevelt, \$1 net; by mail, \$1.06.

The World Peril, by members of the faculty of Princeton University, \$1 net; by mail, \$1.06.

England and Germany, 1740-1914, by Bernadotte Everly Schmitt, \$2 net; by mail, \$2.10.

Protestantism in Germany, by Kerr D. Macmillan, \$1.50 net; by mail, \$1.58.

Cooperative Marketing, by W. W. Cumberland, \$1.50 net; by mail, \$1.58.

The President's Control of Foreign Relations, by Edward S. Corwin, \$1.50 net; by mail, \$1.58.

The New Purchase, a record of pioneer days in Indiana, \$2 net; by mail, \$2.10.

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BRIEFER MENTION

Rather tardily, but perhaps as soon as we could expect, are appearing manuals of information about military organization and insignia, first aids for the inquiring civilian. One of the most complete is Lieut. J. W. Bunkley's "Military and Naval Recognition Handbook" (Van Nostrand; \$1.), a clearly illustrated guide which should prove not without value in the services as well. The chapters on the organization of our army and navy, and on the etiquette and customs peculiar to them, are naturally of first interest; but the descriptions of insignia of rank in the other important armies and navies are already helpful in some American cities and should prove increasingly useful as strange uniforms multiply upon our streets.

"A Yankee in the Trenches," by R. Derby Holmes (Little, Brown; \$1.35), is a straightforward, objective report, not without humor, by an American who enlisted in the British army early in the war. His regiment was stationed in the Somme district and took part in the battle of High Wood, where the tanks made their dramatic first appearance, to the demoralization of the Germans. But Corporal Holmes is most readable when he is telling about the life of Tommy Atkins between his periods of trench service, that less spectacular life -full of quiet incident and homely detail-which the author has had to subordinate in his lectures. He understands and admires his cockney comrades, most loyal when "grousing" most bitterly. He describes and commends the Y. M. C. A. recreation work. His book will help satisfy the curiosity of our stay-at-home public about the everyday routine of life at the front; and a chapter of suggestions about what to send, and what not to send, to the Sammies should prove even more useful than the appended glossary of army slang.

"The Animal Mind," by Margaret Floy Wash-burn (Macmillan; \$1.90) has in its second edition been subjected to a thorough and comprehensive revision. So much has been added to our knowledge of animal behavior in the last decade that the data, and in part the interpretation, must be presented in altered perspective. Along with this increased activity, which has brought about a special technique for animal study—the product of the joint interest of the biologist and the psychologist—the position of comparative psychology has become more central to the interpretation of human behavior. All these interests are admirably presented in Professor Washburn's work. The volume is well suited to the needs of college students; and its availability should act as an encouragement to the introduction of such courses in institutions that set value upon adequate surveys of the essential fields in the broad domain of the mind.

Though a wan humor plays over the characters in "Children of Passage," by Frederick Watson (Dutton; \$1.50), there is a pervading gloom as of Highland mists and mildewed Scottish castles. The poor but proud and noble heroine and the ancestorless millionaire lover are familiar figures which the author has not endowed with any particular dis-

tinction. Their fortunes fluctuate a bit tediously through the three hundred odd pages, and in the end the hero enlists and the fragile heroine is denied any real earthly happiness. Both are allowed the rather doubtful satisfaction of looking forward to some future state where impecunious nobility is supposed to have much in common with plebeian

prosperity.

"Kitty Canary," by Kate Langley Bosher (Harpers; \$1.) is a "glad" book with a typically loving and cheerful heroine who finds a congenial background for her romantic optimism in a typically Southern village. Kitty Canary—more sedately Katherine Bird—is a precociously philosophical young person, deeply concerned with life and given to high-handed management of her own and other people's affairs. When Father or Miss Susanna shows signs of insubordination, Kitty Canary just whirls the objector giddily about the room and after this joyful exercise her wishes are pursued with astonishing docility. Lovers are reunited; a sick wife is nursed back to health; a selfish husband is punished; dowdy spinsters are transformed; and other desirable changes are speedily effected. At the end, the heroine's own love affairs are satisfactorily arranged. The village life and characters are pleasantly suggested; and doubtless the story will contain many charms for girl readers of board-

ing school age. "The Neapolitan Lovers" (Brentano; \$1.40) is an historical novel by the famous author of "The Count of Monte Cristo" and "The Three Musketeers." Frankly, unless one be of that happy brotherhood of readers who "thoroughly enjoy" his-torical romance, this story is to be read when one is sixteen and cares little if a book be neither fish nor fowl nor good red herring. The older reader, used to and demanding credible psychology, is likely to find the story of the story more interesting than the novel itself. For, according to the introduction by R. S. Garnett, the book's translator, "Dumas had long awaited an opportunity of dealing with the Neapolitan Claudius and the Venetian Messalina (King Ferdinand and Queen Maria Caro-He might have said in the words of Hernani: 'La meurtre est entre nous affaire de famille.' In 1851 Dumas wrote: 'Perhaps some day my filial vengeance will evoke these two bloodstained spectres and force them to pose in naked hideousness before posterity." For it seems that King Ferdinand was Dumas's father's murderer. and Dumas's lifelong desire was for revenge. It was through Garibaldi, who had installed Dumas in the Chiatamone Palace with permission to examine the secret archives of the city, that the author found the unique set of public documents, manu-scripts, and letters which the hangman had reserved for the King. And anyone who has read even one of Dumas's many historical romances may easily imagine that writer's delight at the opportunity. This interesting explanation of the writing of the novel, then, may excusably be given in lieu of a review; there isn't a hint in the romance itself that it is done to revenge the murder of the author's father.



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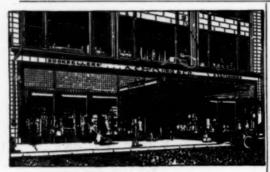
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Thorstein Veblen, author of the famous "Nature of Peace," has previously contributed to THE DIAL, and needs little introduction to our readers. "The Passing of National Frontiers," which is the leading article for the current issue, is the first of a series of papers on internationalism that Professor Veblen will contribute from time to time. For the present, Professor Veblen has given up academic duties for work connected with the United States Food Administration.

James Weber Linn, who contributes a brief discussion of W. L. George's "Literary Chapters" to this issue, is in the English Department of the University of Chicago. He is a frequent contributor to magazines and newspapers, and is the author of "The Second Generation" and "The Chameleon."

Florence Kiper Frank (Mrs. Jerome N.) is the author of "The Jew to Jesus, and Other Poems" (Kennerley, 1915); of a one-act poetic drama, "Jael," published by the Chicago Little Theatre; of some plays for amateurs; and of many magazine contributions in prose and verse. She lives in Hubbard Woods, Illinois.

The Century Co. will shortly issue Professor Edward Alsworth Ross's "Russia in Upheaval."

Doubleday, Page & Co. have added "Artists' Families," by Eugene Brieux, to the "Drama League Series" of plays.

The library of the late Mark P. Robinson and a collection of books in fine bindings will be on sale at the Anderson Galleries from April 29 to May 1.

Harper & Brothers announce "How to Sell More Goods," by H. J. Barrett; "Gaslight Sonatas," by Fannie Hurst; and "The Panama Plot," by Arthur B. Reeve.

G. P. Putnam's Sons announce that after May 1 the price of the Loeb Library will be increased to \$1.80 per volume in cloth and \$2.25 per volume in leather.

The New York "Evening Post" has reprinted from its columns the texts of the secret treaties as made public by Trotzky. The reprint is in pamphlet form and sells at 10 cts.

The Revell Co. have recently published "The Soul of the Soldier," by Chaplain Thomas Tiplady, and "Armenia: A Martyr Nation," by Dr. M. C. Gabrielian.

Next month the Frederick A. Stokes Co. will issue "Surgeon Grow: An American in the Russian Fighting," by M. C. Grow, and "Save It for Winter," by F. F. Rockwell.

Francis J. Hannigan, head of the Periodical Department of the Boston Public Library, has compiled "The Standard Index to Short Stories: 1900-1914," which is published by Small, Maynard & Co.

The following war books have been published this month by D. Appleton & Co.: "The A. E. F.: With Pershing's Army in France," by Heywood Broun; "A Surgeon in Arms," by Capt. R. J. Manion; "Glorious Exploits of the Air," by Edgar C. Middleton; "From the Front," by Lieut. C. E.

Andrews; and "The Call to the Colors," by Charles T. Jackson.

April publications of Little, Brown & Co. include: "Mrs. Marden's Ordeal," by James Hay, Jr.; "A Soldier Unafraid," translated from the French by Theodore Stanton; "The Adventures of Arnold Adair, American Ace," by Laurence LaTourette Driggs; and "Caroline King's Cook Book."

Among the more important war books offered by Grosset & Dunlap in their reprints at 75 cts. are: "Fighting in Flanders," by E. Alexander Powell; "The First Hundred Thousand," by Capt. Ian Hay; "Germany—The Next Republic?" by Carl W. Ackerman; "The Great Push" and "The Red Horizon," by Patrick MacGill; and "The Battle of the Somme," by John Buchan.

The Scribners are preparing "The War Letters of Edmond Genet," the great grandson of the first ambassador from the French Republic to the United States and the first American to fall in battle after our declaration of war. Under the title "Yow No Longer Count" they are about to publish a translation of Rene Boylesve's novel "Tu n'es plus

Four books of verse were published by the John Lane Co. on April 12: "Mid-American Chants," by Sherwood Anderson; "The Evening Hours," by Emile Verhaeren, translated by Charles R. Murphy; "The Day, and Other Poems," by Henry Chappell, with an introduction by Sir Herbert Warren, President of Magdalen College, Oxford; and "Hay Harvest, and Other Poems," by Lucy

April issues of the George H. Doran Co. have included: "Crescent and Iron Cross," by E. F. Benson; "Face to Face with Kaiserism," by James W. Gerard; "Germany at Bay," by Major Haldane Macfall; "The Western Front," being the first volume of official war drawings by Muirhead Bone; and three novels—Gilbert Cannan's "The Stucco House," E. F. Benson's "An Autumn Sowing," and John Buchan's "Prester John."

Among the books announced for this month by the J. B. Lippincott company are: "Over Here," Lieut. Hector MacQuarrie's account of his experiences as British Inspector and lecturer in America; "Over the Threshold of War," the earlywar diary of Nevil Monroe Hopkins, of the American Embassy in Paris; "Offensive Fighting," Maj. Donald McRae; and "Training for the Street Railway Business," by C. B. Fairchild, prepared under the supervision of T. E. Mitten, President of the Philadelphia Rapid Transit.

The April Macmillan announcements include: "History of Labor in the United States," by John R. Commons, President of the American Economic Association; "What is National Honor?" by Leo Perla; "Coöperation, The Hope of the Consumer," by Emerson P. Harris, with an introductory note by John Graham Brooks; "The New Horizon of State and Church," by William Herbert Perry Faunce, President of Brown University; "Historic Mackinac," by Edwin O. Wood, in two illustrated volumes; and two books of verse, James Stephens's "Reincarnations" and Rabindranath Tagore's "Lover's Gift and Crossing."

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[The following list, containing on titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

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- The Warfare of Today. By Lieut.-Colonel Paul Asan. Translated by Major Julian L. Coolidge. Illus-trated, 12mo, 352 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$2.50.
- The Business of War. By Isaac F. Marcosson. Illustrated, 12mo, 319 pages. John Lane Co. \$1.50.
- 7-1.50.

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 12mo, 109 pages. Harvard University Press. \$1.

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- Svo, 154 pages. Marshall Jones Co. \$1.50.
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